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THE PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE
VOLUME VIII



The dining-hall, Clopton House, associated with the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew"
Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

PERSONAL AND PUBLIC

THE LIFE OF A MAN OF LETTERS

BY J. H. B. H. H. H.

THE LIFE OF A MAN OF LETTERS

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THE
PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
ESTHER WOOD

COMPLETE IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES
VOLUME VIII

TWELFE NIGHT
JULIUS CÆSAR
HAMLET

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1904

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INTRODUCTION

VIII { TWELFTH NIGHT
JULIUS CAESAR
HAMLET

THE opening years of the seventeenth century found Shakespeare still at work upon new plays for the "Globe" theatre, with which his fame as dramatist and actor had become so closely bound up. He had now taken his place as one of the leaders of theatrical and literary life in London, and made his financial position more than secure. Contemporary writers had already made pointed allusion to the worldly prosperity which had befallen the strolling player. In 1597, when he reëstablished his family in the native town he had so long forsaken, he had purchased the largest house in Stratford, known locally as the Great House, and legally as New Place, built by Sir Hugh Clopton more than a century before. This was the famous Sir Hugh, of Clopton Manor, a few miles away, who also built in 1483 the bridge at Stratford across the Avon, to carry the main road that went from London to Oxford, Birmingham, Stafford, Chester, and the north. The manor itself must have been well-known to Shakespeare, with its legends—of the Charlotte Clopton who was buried alive, like Juliet, in the chapel, and

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of the Margaret that drowned herself, like Ophelia, for hopeless love, whose ghosts walked, haunting the house and garden. In 1601, after his father's death, Shakespeare inherited the two houses in Henley Street, which included his birthplace, where his mother died in 1608. In 1602, he bought one hundred and seven acres of land near Stratford, and a cottage and garden in Chapel Lane, opposite the lower grounds of New Place. It was evidently these transactions that were referred to in a passage in *The Return from Parnassus*, a university play of that period, in which a poor student complains enviously of an actor's wealth,

“England affords those glorious vagabonds,
That carried erst their fardles on their backs,
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streets,
Sweeping it in their glaring satin suits,
And pages to attend their masterships;
With mouthing words that better wits had
framed,
They purchase lands and now esquires are
made.”

But such allusions did not apply only to Shakespeare. As early as 1590, Robert Greene, in a tract called *Never too late*, had described his meeting with a player whom he took to be a gentleman of means and who told him how he had risen from vagrant poverty, and earned enough in his profession “to build a windmill.” Mr. Sidney Lee computes that as an actor Shakespeare must have earned—judging by current rates—at least £100 a year, had also secured a regular income as a playwright.

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Payment by a manager to an author varied from £6 to £11 for a new play, as well as a share in receipts, and up to £4 for an adaptation of an old one. After 1599, his financial interest in the theatres greatly increased and, according to documents of 1635, he had at least two shares in the "Globe," where an actor-shareholder received above £200 a year on each share beside an actor's salary, which rose at times to £180. There were also special fees paid for acting at Court; and it must be remembered that the value of money was about eight times greater than it is now. Shakespeare had also become a person of influence with theatrical managers, and with the literary circles of the court. It is said to have been through his intervention that Ben Jonson's play, *Every Man in His Humour*, which was at first rejected by the Burbages, was rescued from oblivion and produced at the "Curtain" theatre in 1598, with Shakespeare and Richard Burbage in the principal parts. Some quarrel between the two poets seems to have followed this kindly act, and Jonson was in heavy disgrace that year, owing to his murder of a fellow-actor, one Gabriel Spencer, of the company managed by Henslowe and Alleyn. But the culprit escaped the extreme penalty, and time healed the breach with Shakespeare, who played in 1603 in Jonson's *Sejanus* at the "Globe."

Shakespeare also found money and influence to obtain for his father, shortly before his death, a grant of arms from the college of Heralds "for the service of his parents and ancestors to the most prudent prince, King Henry the Seventh of famous memorie." The draft was first applied for

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in 1596, but not fully executed till 1599, when Shakespeare's friend, the Earl of Essex, had become Earl Marshal and chief of the college. Permission was asked to include the arms of his mother's family, the Ardens of Wilmcote, but this was never done.

From these and similar records, it has been gathered that Shakespeare was now spending part of his time with his family at Stratford-on-Avon, while still maintaining his abode and regular employment in London. His next play, *Twelfth Night*, contains a passage which some biographers have taken as a confession of his own mistake in marriage, and a warning against similar disparity of years. The Duke is counselling Viola:

"Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn
Than women's are."

But the science of criticism is rapidly discrediting our efforts to probe the secrets of a great artist by analysis of any utterance of belief, doubt, or disappointment which he may throw into dramatic mould.

The first record we have of any performance of *Twelfth Night* is in the diary of John Manningsham, a barrister of the Middle Temple, who describes it as given on February 2, 1601-2, in the Middle Temple Hall. It is also mentioned by

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Halliwell-Phillipps as one of the four plays acted by Shakespeare's company during the Christmas season before the court at Whitehall, and its title seems to have no other justification than that it was written for such an occasion and date. In Manningham's diary, *Twelfth Night* is said to be "much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menæchmi* in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni*." "These comparisons, however" (says Mr. F. S. Boas), "are not specially felicitous; for the resemblance to the *Menæchmi* goes no further than the use of mistaken identity as a motive, while the Italian play to which *Twelfth Night* is most closely allied is not the *Inganni* ('The Cheats') of Seechi, nor yet the play of the same name by Gonzaga, but another comedy, *Gl' Ingannati* ('The Deceived'), printed at Venice in 1537. The plot of this piece, dealing with the fortunes of Fabritis and Lelia, a brother and sister separated at the sack of Rome in 1527, is exactly similar to that of the serious portion of *Twelfth Night*, while the introduction supplies the name, though nothing but the name, of Malevolti or Malvolio. But Shakespeare probably drew upon more than one version of a popular and widespread story." He may have known it in Bandello, from whom it passed into the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest, or in the *Hecatombithi* of Cinthio, or in Barnabe Riche's story of *Apolonius and Silla*, or in Emanuel Forde's *Parismus* of 1598, which contains some incidents recalling *Twelfth Night*, and employs for the first time the names Olivia and Violetta. The "new map with the augmentation of the Indies," spoken of by Maria

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(Act III., Sc. 2) was probably the great map of the world, first issued with Hakluyt's *Voyages*, in 1599 or 1600. The song which Shakespeare quotes in fragments, "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone," occurs in a *Book of Ayres*, by Robert Jones, published in 1601. The play itself does not seem to have been printed until it went into the *First Folio* edition of 1623.

The character of Malvolio, like that of Falstaff, won an immediate popular success, and made *Twelfth Night* "always safe to draw a crowded house to cockpit, galleries, and boxes." Mr. Boas, in his full and careful analysis of the part, says that here we have the only specimen of a Puritan satirised by Shakespeare. The Puritans of Ben Jonson, like those of Fielding and Dickens, in later times, "are one and all unctuous, illiterate rascals, who, under a show of zeal, hide low vices of gluttony or covetousness. Shakespeare's satiric method is incomparably more subtle and convincing, for it covers its object with ridicule, while admitting its merits, and without ascribing to it a single hateful or hypocritical vice. It is only the lost sheep of Puritanism that become the prey of the wolfish desires of the flesh; but it is its choicer spirits that are most prone to be the victims of the narrow brain and the still narrower heart." Such is Malvolio in his consummate egoism and self-love, thinking that "because he is virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale." "Such natures as his cannot be humbled by outward defeat. He belongs to the stiff-necked generation which learns nothing and forgets nothing."

But, though the incidents of the drama lead us

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to compare it with the *Comedy of Errors* and other plays on the theme of mistaken identity and the exploits of heroines in masculine disguise, it has in fact far more in common with *As You Like It* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* as a study of temperaments, and more especially of the contrast which Shakespeare was ever fond of drawing between sentiment and passion, between the fruitlessly self-conscious and the actively self-forgetful life. The Duke Orsino belongs to the same type as Proteus and Jacques; and the infatuation of Olivia for the disguised Viola, verging as it does upon the unnatural and erotic, has in it the same element of humiliation which jars us in the abasement of Helena to Bertram and of Katherine to Petruchio; and is not wholly unrelated (dare we say?) to the fantastic dream-enchancement of Titania with the semblance of an ass. As in the earlier plays, Italian types which suggested the plot are wholly Anglicised in treatment, and Elizabethan London peeps continually through the trappings of romance. The "bells of St. Bennet," referred to by the Clown, probably belonged to "St. Bennet's, Hythe," in Thames Street, near the "Blackfriars" theatre. "St. Anne's church" was also close to the playhouse; and the weavers and glovers of that district are pointedly alluded to. The saying of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician," recalls one of the many small religious sects that had already sprung up on the Bankside. Some of these met regularly in widow's houses and other havens of "dissent" of many kinds in this outlawed and cosmopolitan colony. Dutch and Flemish refugees had settled

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there, with their own crafts and merchandise, to play their part in the religious changes of the century. There was a Flemish burying-place, and a Dutch almshouse in Horse Shoe Alley, famous for its ales. Close to the "Globe" theatre, a great pit was opened in plague-time, in 1603, where the bodies of victims were unceremoniously shot in; and here, in the next generation, stood "the meeting-house in Deadman's Place."

There could hardly be a greater change of dramatic atmosphere than that which takes us from the romantic love-comedy of *Twelfth Night* to the austere Roman tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*. We pass from the study of temperament in relation to the individual to the study of character in relation to national issues, to the problems of government and empire. Yet even here the personal qualities of the actors in the political drama are vividly revealed by the "fierce light that beats" on every throne of leadership among men. Schlegel, in his study of this play, takes Brutus as the actual hero, but says that, "from the purity of his mind and his conscientious love of justice, he is unfit to be the head of a party in a State entirely corrupted." Mr. Israel Gollancz, starting from this thesis, goes further, and draws a suggestive parallel between Brutus and Hamlet, claiming them both as types of *the idealist forced into action*. He considers it more than probable that Shakespeare had the two plays in hand at the same time, and moved freely from one to the other. In *Hamlet*, Polonius is made to speak of his impersonation of Julius Cæsar at the University. Horatio compares the apparition of the Ghost with

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the supernatural portents that foretold the fall of Cæsar:

“In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.”

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralises on “Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay”; and the king, lamenting the death of Polonius, says, “We have done but greenly, in hugger-mugger to inter him”—a phrase used in North’s translation of Plutarch’s *Life of Brutus*. A significant light is also thrown upon the speech of Brutus after Cæsar’s murder by a passage in Belleforest’s *Historie of Hamlet*—“How Hamlet, having slain his uncle and burnt his palace, made an oration to the Danes to show them what he had done.” This action, which Shakespeare transcribes into the Roman play, is nowhere suggested in Plutarch’s *Lives*, on which *Julius Cæsar* is clearly founded, nor have we any reason to think it occurred in any dramatic versions of the story from the hands of Shakespeare’s predecessors, one of which versions was acted by Shakespeare’s company in 1594. Another interesting suggestion has been made by Dr. Furnivall, namely, that the political interest of the drama bore a very close relation to the conspiracy of Essex in 1601, “which would bring it home to the ears and hearts of a London audience after the Favourite’s outbreak against his sovereign.” If so, *Julius Cæsar* must have been very rapidly written or recast considerably in the light of

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current events, for it is thus clearly alluded to in Weever's *Memorie of Martyrs*, which was printed in that same year:—

“The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
When eloquent mark Antonie hath shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?”

It has also been pointed out that the dialogue of Marcus Brutus and Cassius, in Act I., Sc. 2, closely resembles that between Decimus Brutus and Cassius in the *Cornelia* of Thomas Kyd. The evidences of Shakespeare's debt to Kyd become more striking as we enter upon the consideration of *Hamlet*, his longest and, in some respects, his greatest work. On *Hamlet* and on *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare bestowed more time and labour than on any other of his writings. Both occupied a number of years in composition, and were almost entirely rewritten long after the first draft was not only finished but perhaps even publicly performed. Both were built on a sub-structure of tales having some remote historic origin, and shaped by generations of tellers into many forms of art. But, in *Hamlet*, Shakespeare's debt to his predecessors is more intimate and direct, and, at the same time, more sharply defined by the stamp of his own genius, his power to transfigure with imagination and poetry the commonplaces of the literature in which he was nursed.

The existence of an early Elizabethan drama of *Hamlet*, mainly, if not wholly, by another hand than Shakespeare's, has long been clearly estab-

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lished. Such a play was referred to by Thomas Nash in his review of contemporary literature in 1589, and by Henslowe in his Diary on the 9th of June 1594, as having been acted by the Lord Chamberlain's company, of which Shakespeare was a member. It is just possible that he may have had some share in the writing of this, as early as 1589, when he was first beginning to revise, adapt, and collaborate in popular dramas for the London boards, and that he may have returned to the subject ten years later, after his collaborator's death. Recent criticism, however, led by Professor Sarrazin on the continent, and followed with independent corroboration by Mr. F. S. Boas, Mr. Israel Gollancz, and other English authorities, has now generally attributed the first dramatic version of *Hamlet* to Thomas Kyd. "Its final form," says Mr. Boas, "is due to the fusion of Kyd's inventive stagecraft, probably modified by some intermediate hand, with Shakespeare's philosophic and poetic genius."

The unique popularity and influence of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, both in England and on the continent, for thirty years after the Armada victory, served to eclipse all his other work in the public memory, and was itself eclipsed after his death by the quickly rising fame of Shakespeare. But a careful comparison of *The Spanish Tragedy* with the First Quarto of *Hamlet*, and a study of the many suggestive parallels which Mr. Boas finds in other plays of the two dramatists, will yield the first threads of a net-work of evidence, fascinating to the student but too intricate to be followed here, in favour of a complete acting-version of *Hamlet* by

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Kyd. The actual likeness between *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy*, of course, proves little; but it strengthens the external testimony that Kyd's mind for a long time was occupied with the theme of "conspiracies and murders in royal households." The influence of Seneca is strong upon both dramatists, especially in their treatment of the supernatural world and in the introduction of the ghost motive in *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and *Macbeth*; and it is impossible to say how far the one may have derived such influence from the other. Kyd certainly was well versed in Latin epic and drama, and that there was a Ghost in the early *Hamlet* is shown by an allusion in Thomas Lodge (1596)—"as pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, '*Hamlet, revenge!*'" "The revenge motive," remarks Mr. Boas, "is partly borrowed from the Senecan stage, but its tenacious grip upon pre-Shakespearean tragedy was due to its appeal to an aboriginal Teutonic instinct When Drake and Hawkins were emulating the deeds of the Vikings, it was natural for the drama to 'throw back' to Viking standards and to glorify the wild justice of revenge."

The story of Hamlet was known to the Elizabethans in the French *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest, who adapted it from the Latin *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus, where "Amleth" is the hero's name. The dramatisation may have been suggested by a visit of English actors to the Court of Helsingor (Elsinor) in 1586. The company included Kempe, Bryan, and Pope, who afterwards became friends and fellow-actors with

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Shakespeare, and may have imparted much of his knowledge of Danish life. They returned in the autumn of 1587; and traces of a German version of *Hamlet* acted by them during that tour have been subsequently found.

The date of the completion of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is impossible to determine. It was certainly acted by Shakespeare's company in 1602; but the very imperfect and garbled version which appeared in 1603 have led some to suppose that the play was greatly enlarged and improved before the authorised publication of the Second Quarto of 1604. The First Quarto may have been either a bad transcript of notes taken in the playhouse, or, in fact, the earlier version of *Hamlet*, only partially revised by Shakespeare.

The title-rôle was taken by Richard Burbage when *Hamlet* was played at the "Globe" theatre in 1602. In the allusion to Yorick, "the king's jester," Shakespeare was paying a tribute to the memory of his old friend Richard Tarleton, who had died before the opening of the "Globe," after acting for many years as clown under the Burbages' management at the "Theatre" and the "Curtain." First brought to London from Condovery, Salop, by one of Lord Leicester's servants, he kept a tavern in Paternoster Row, and afterwards the Tabor Inn in Gracechurch Street. He appears as "one of the queen's twelve players with wages and livery as grooms of the chamber" in 1588; but he was discharged for some scurrilous reflections on Leicester and Raleigh. His portrait, with tabour and pipe, long served as a sign to an ale-house in the Borough. His *Jests* were printed in 1611.

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He lived in Halliwell Street, and was buried in Shoreditch Parish Church.

Shakespeare himself played the part of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and that this was "the top of his performance" is the sole comment left us by his peers. It was fitting that his greatest triumph as an actor should go hand in hand with the consummation of his dramatic art. In *Hamlet*, he had lifted tragedy forever out of the realms of material catastrophe, and, in revealing it in the nature of man himself, brought it home to the heart of the modern world.

ESTHER WOOD.

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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

**TWELFE NIGHT, OR WHAT
YOU WILL**

T.M.I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, }

FESTE, *a Clown,* } *servants to Olivia.*

OLIVIA.

VIOLA.

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*]



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

The Clopton Bridge, built by Sir Hugh of Clopton Manor in 1483, across the Avon at Stratford, on the highway from London to Birmingham

TWELFE NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

[*The Duke's palace.*]

*Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other
Lords [Musicians attending].*

Duke.

[F Musicke be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excesse of it: that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a banke of Violets; 10
Stealing, and giving Odoür. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiveth as the Sea: Nought enters there,
Of what validity,¹ and pitch² so ere, 1 value
But falles into abatement, and low price 2 degree

15. *Sea. Nought: sea, nought*—2Rowe.

Even in a minute; so full of shap^es is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantastickall.

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

20

Du. What *Curio*?

Cu. The Hart.

Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have:

O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer: 31
The Element it selfe, till seven yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead love, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother, 40
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That live in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart,
These soveraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt

21. *Curio*: *Curio*-2-3F.

Scena Secunda.[*The sea-coast.*]*Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.**Vio.* What Country (Friends) is this?*Cap.* This is Illyria Ladie.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saved.*Vio.* O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.*Cap.* True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split, 11

When you, and those poore number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boate: I saw your brother

Most provident in perill, binde himselfe,

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)

To a sttong Maste, that liv'd upon the sea:

Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,

So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold: 20

Mine owne escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authoritie

The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne

Not three houres travaile from this very place:

Vio. Who governes heere?*Cap.* A noble Duke in nature, as in name.*Vio.* What is his name?*Cap.* *Orsino*.

16. sttong: strong-2-4F.

17. *Orion*: *Arion*-POPE.

Vio, Orsino: I have heard my father name him. 30
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,) 40
That he did seeke the love of faire *Olivia*.

Vio. What's shee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother, 40
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere love
(They say) she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes. 50

Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeve thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him, 60
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,

42-3. *sight And company: company And sight-HANMER.*

46-7. *mellow What: mellow, what-HANMER.*

WHAT YOU WILL

[I. ii. 58—iii. 21

And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow¹ me very worth his service. ¹*approve*
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

[*Olivia's bouse.*]

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enimie to
life.

Mar. By my troth sir *Toby*, you must come in earlyer
a nights: your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the
modest limits of order. 11

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:
these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-
selves in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you: I
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?

Ma. I he. 20

To. He's as tall² a man as any's in Illyria. ²*bold*

Ma. What's that to th'purpose?

7. a nights: o'nights—CAPELL.

14. and: an—THEOBALD.

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l have but a yeare in all these ducates:
He's a very foole, and a prodigall. ¹*bass viol*

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-gam-boys,¹ and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature. 28

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust² he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave. ²*gusto*

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreovr, hee's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrell³ that will not drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*: for here coms Sir *Andrew Agueface*. ³*groom* 43

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now sir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet sir *Andrew*.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir *Andrew*, accost.

And. What's that? 50

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Ma. [*And.*] Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance |

Ma. My name is *Mary* sir.

23. *ba's*: *haa*-3-4F.

And. Good mistris *Mary*, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord her, woe her, assayle her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightst never draw sword agen. 61

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might never draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you have fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor? 70

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Ma. A dry¹ jest Sir. ¹*barren*

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did I see thee so put downe? 79

An. Never in your life I thinke, unlesse you see Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I have no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeeve that does harme to my wit.

54. *Mary, accost: Mary Accost, —THEOBALD.*

60. *And: An—CAPELL.*

62. *And: An—THEOBALD.*

82. *ba's: has—4F.*

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow sir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy* my deere knight? 88

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that have mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my nature |

An. But it becoms we wel enough, dost not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir *Toby*, your niece will not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'll none of me: the Connt himselfe here hard by, wooes her, 101

To. Shee'll none o'th Count, she'll not match above hir degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I have heard her swear t. Tut there's life in't man.

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Revels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man. 111

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

86. *And: An-THEOBALD. I'de: I'd-CAMBRIDGE.*

95. *coole my: curl by-THEOBALD.*

96. *we: me-2-4F.*

101. *Connt: count-2-4F.*

108. *kicke-chawses: kickshawses-3F.*

WHAT YOU WILL

[I. iii. 130—iv. 8]

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I have the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a Jigge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the starre of a Galliard. 125

And, I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke.¹ Shall we sit about some Revels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne under Taurus? ^{1 stocking}

And. Taurus? That sides and heart. 130

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee ca-per. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

[*The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant sir, in his favours. *Val.* No beleeve me.

127. *dam'd colour'd* .. *sit*: flame-coloured .. *set*—2Rowx.

130. *That*: *That's*—3-4F.

8. new l. at *Val.*—2-4F.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count. 10

Duke. Who saw *Cesario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario,*

Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I have unclasp'd

To thee rhe booke even of my secret soule.

Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate unto her,

Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord, 20

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds,

Rather then make unprofited returne,

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, unfold the passion of my love,

Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;

It shall become thee well to act my woes:

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Then in a Nuntio's of more grave aspect. 30

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeve it;

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,

That say thou art a man: *Dianas* lip

Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe

Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,

And all is semblative a womans part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affayre: some foure or five attend him,

All if you will: for I my selfe am best 40

15. rbe: the-2-4F.

WHAT YOU WILL

[I. iv. 38-v. 27]

When least in companie: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my best ¹ *impeded*
To woe your Lady: [*Aside*] yet a barrefull ¹ strife,
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will
not open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter, in way
of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clb. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this
world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clb. He shall see none to feare. 9

Ma. A good lenton ² answer: I can tell thee where that
saying was borne, of I feare no colours. ² *meager*

Clb. Where good mistris *Mary*?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to say in
your foolerie.

Clb. Well, God give them wisdom that have it: &
those that are fooles, let them use their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to
you?

Clb. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage:
and for turning away, let summer beare it out. 21

Ma. You are resolute then?

Clb. Not so neyther, but I am resolv'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both
breake, your gaskins ³ fall. ³ *breeches*

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, it sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eves* flesh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. 30

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that thinke they have thee, doe very oft prove fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wise man. For what saies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y' are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: besides you grow dis-honest. 40

Clo. Two faults *Madona*, that drinke & good counsell wil amend: for give the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away. 51

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, give mee leave to prove you a foole.

32. and't: an't—HANMER.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clb. Dexteriously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your prooffe.

Clb. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my
Mouse of vertue answer mee. 61

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your
prooffe.

Clb. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clb. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his soule is in heaven, foole.

Clb. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your
Brothers soule, being in heaven. Take away the Foole,
Gentlemen. 70

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Malvolio*, doth he
not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake
him: Infirmitie that decaies the wise, doth ever make the
better foole.

Clbw. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmitie, for the
better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that
I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence
that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that *Malvolio*? 80

Mal. I marvell your Ladyship takes delight in such
a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with
an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone.
Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: unles you
laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest
I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of
fooles, no better then the foolies *Zanies*.¹ ¹ *mimics*

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-love *Malvolio*, and taste
with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse,
89. *guiltlesse*: *guiltless*-3-4F.

and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove. 94

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing,¹ for thou speak'st well of fooles. ¹ *fibbing*

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it? 100

Ma I know not (*Madam*) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. [*Exit Maria.*] Go you *Malvolio*; If it be a suit | from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you | will, to dismisse it. *Exit Malvo.* | Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it. 110

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us (*Madona*) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, Jove cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.² ² *brain*

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o' these pickle herring: How now Sot. 120

113-14. *comes.* *One:* comes,—one, as prose—2 ROWE, CAMBRIDGE.

119. *beere.* *A:* here—a—STEEVENS (1773).

WHAT YOU WILL

[I. v. 130-160]

Cl. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how have you come so earely by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the divell and he will, I care not: give me faith say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole? 129

Cl. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught above heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Cl. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

138

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'l speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he? 150

Mal. Why of mankinde.

147. *Ha's: He has-Pope.*

T.N.2.

17

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-favour'd, and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him. 161

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vaille: come throw it ore my face, Wee'l once more heare *Orsinos* Embassie.

Enter Violenta [Viola and Attendants]. 167

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne; I am very comptible,¹ even to the least sinister usage. ¹*susceptible*

Ol. Whence came you sir? 177

Vio. I can say little more then I have studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that may proceede in my speech.

167. *Violenta: Viola-2-4F.*

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not usurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do usurp your selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message. 191

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue. 201

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you have some hiddeous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your care: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? 211
What would you say?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, have I

learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone,

[*Exeunt Maria and Attendant.*]

We will heare this divinitie. Now sir, what is your text? |

Vio. Most sweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text? 221

Vio. In *Orsinoes* bosome.

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his hart.

Ol. O, I have read it: it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Have you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well done? [*Unveiling.*] 232

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st shee alive,

If you will leade these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copie. 240

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inventoried and every particle and utensile labell'd to my will: As,

242. *scedules: schedules-Rowe.*

WHAT YOU WILL

[I. v. 265-295]

Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes,
with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth.
Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the divell, you are faire:
My Lord, and master loves you: O such love
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie. 251

Ol. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder love, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainesse youth;
In voyces well divulg'd,¹ free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature, ¹rumored
A gracious person; But yet I cannot love him: 260
He might have tooke his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my masters flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would finde no sence,
I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my soule within the house,
Write loyall Cantons² of contemned love, ²cantos
And sing them lowd even in the dead of night: 270
Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me.

271. *Hallow: Halloo—COLLIER.*

Ol. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord: 280
I cannot love him: let him send no more,
Unlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,
My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shal love,
And let your fervour like my masters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie. *Exit*

Ol. What is your Parentage? 290
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,
Unlesse the Master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an invisible, and subtle stealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Malvolio.* 300

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your service.

Ol. Run after that same peevisish Messenger
The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.

285. *feede*: fee'd-Rowe.

288. *masters be*: masters, be-THEOBALD.

304. *Countes*: county's-CAPELL.

WHAT YOU WILL

[I. v. 322—II. i. 21]

Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile give him reasons for't: hie thee *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit. 310

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:
Fate, shew thy force, our selves we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

[*The sea-coast.*]

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that
I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely
over me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps di-
stemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave,
that I may beare my evils alone. It were a bad recom-
pence for your love, to lay any of them on you. 9

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere
extravagancie. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch
of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am
willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners,
the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee
then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodo-
rigo*) my father was that *Sebastian of Messaline*, whom I
know you have heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe,
and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heanens had

19. *Heanens: Heavens*—2-4F.

beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd. 22

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh I could not with such estimable wonder over-farre believe that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that envy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more. 30

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let mee be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee: I have many enemies in Orsino's Court, 42
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

[*A street.*]

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you ev'n now, with the Countesse Olivia?

2. at severall doores: following—CAPELL.

Vio. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal She returns this Ring to you (sir) you might have saved mee my paines, to have taken it away your selfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardie to come againe in his affaires, unlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receive it so. 13

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peevishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her: 20
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so, as tis,
Poore Lady, she were better love a dreame:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. 30
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee: 1 fit
How will this fadge? My master loves her deerely,
And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:

33. O: our-2-4F.

34. made, if: made of, -RANN.

And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my maisters love:
 As I am woman (now alas the day) 40
 What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breath?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
 It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [Exit.]

Scœna Tertia.

[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach *Sir Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd Canne. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the foure Elements? 12

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let us therefore eate and drinke.
Marian I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts: Did you never see the Picture of we three? 20

43. t'unty: to untie—CAPELL.
 11. lives: life—2ROWE.

4. *Deliculo*: diluculo—ROWE.

To. Welcome asse, now let's have a catch. ¹ *voice*

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast.¹ I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge,² and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence for thy Lemon, hadst it? ² *curtsy*

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity: for *Malvolios* nose is no Whip-stocke My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses. ³ *I*

An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a testrill³ of me too: if one knight give a

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life? ³ *sixpence*

To. A love song, a love song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life. ⁴ *O*

Clowne sings.

O Mistris mine where are you roming?

O stay and beare, your true loves coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further prettie sweeting:

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise mans sonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love, tis not beereafter, ⁵ *O*

Present mirth, hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still unsure.

28. *Lemon*: *leman*—THEOBALD.

31. *Mermidons*: *Myrmidons*—THEOBALD. 36. *give a*: *give a*—2-4F.

*In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:
Youtbs a stuffe will not endure.*

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith. 58

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

And. And you love me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knave* knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight. 68

An. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie have not call'd up her Steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, never trust me. 76

To, My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, *Malvolios* a Peg-a-ramsie, and *Three merry men be wee*. Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, [*Sings*] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.* |

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so

63. *And: An-POPE.*

do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. [*Sings*] *O the twelfth day of December.*

Mar. For the love o' God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

87

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Coziers¹ Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke up.² | ¹*cobblers* ²*go hang*

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good *Sir Toby*. 102

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. *Sir Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not? 110

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

85. *twelfth*: twelfth-Rowe.

99, 109. and: an-THORNDALD.

To. Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S. Anne*, and Ginger shall bee hotte y' th mouth too.

To. Th'art i' th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stope of Wine *Maria*. 118

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this uncivill rule; she shall know of it by this hand. *Exit*

Mar. Go shake your cares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 128

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse us, possesse us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight. 139

An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough. ¹*affected*

Mar. The div'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd¹ Asse, that

132. *an ayword*: a nayword—Rowe. 137. *Id*: I'd—CAMBRIDGE.

cons State without booke, and utters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

149

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a device.

An. I hav't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in love with him.

161

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse.

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: observe his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the event: Farewell.

Exit

To. Good night *Pentbisilea*.

171

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

II. iii. 200-iv. 20] TWELFE NIGHT, OR

An. If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.¹ ¹*docked horse* 181

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

[*The Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick; Now good morow frends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night; Me thought it did releeve my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it? 11

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Jester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Oliviaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio.*] *Musicke playes.*

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:

For such as I am, all true Lovers are,

Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,

Save in the constant image of the creature

That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

20

Vio. It gives a verie eccho to the seate
Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life upon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour¹ that it loves: ¹*face*
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour. 30

Du. What kinde of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let still the woman take
An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddie and unfirme,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worne, 40
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Love be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night: 50
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weave their thred with bones,
Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing.

Musicke.

The Song.

Come away, come away death, 60

And in sad cypresse let me be laide.

Fye away, fie away breath,

I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:

My browd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.

My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete

On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne:

Not a friend, not a friend greet 68

My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:

A thousand thousand sighes to save, lay me where

Sad true lover never find my grave, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leave, to leave thee. 77

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be every thing, and their intent everie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the rest give place: [*Curio & Att. retire.*] Once more *Cesario*, |

58. *I prethee:* Ay; prithe (pr'ythee)—2THEOBALD.

62. *Fye .. fie:* Fly .. fly—ROWE.

64. *Ew:* Yew—ROWE.

64-5. new ll. at O and Did—POPE 67. *strowne:* strown—ROWE.

70-1. new ll. at Lay and To—POPE.

Get thee to yond same soveraigne crueltie:
 Tell her my love, more noble then the world
 Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her:
 Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
 But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Jems 90
 That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot love you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
 As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her:
 You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion, 100
 As love doth give my heart: no womans heart
 So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
 Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
 No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
 That suffer surfet, cloyment, and revolt,
 But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
 And can digest as much, make no compare
 Betweene that love a woman can beare me,
 And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. I but I know. 110

Du. What dost thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
 In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
 My Father had a daughter lov'd a man
 As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
 I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she never told her love,
 But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
 Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought, 120
 And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
 She sate like Patience on a Monument,
 Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indeede?
 We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
 Our shewes are more then will: for still we prove
 Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

Du. But di'de thy sister of her love my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
 And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
 Sir, shall I to this Lady? 130

Du. I that's the Theame,
 To her in haste: give her this Jewell: say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny. *exunt*

Scena Quinta.

[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,
 let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggard-
 ly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
 o'favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l have the Beare againe, and
 we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *An-*
drew? 12

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our lives.

13. *And: An-Port.*

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Malvolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i' the Sunne practising behaviour to his own shadow this halfe houre: observe him for the love of Mockerie: for I know this Letter wil make a contemplative Ideot of him. Close n the name of jeasting, lye thou there: [*Throws down a letter.*] for heere comes | the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit* | 23

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of my complection. Besides she uses me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that followes her. What should I thinke on't? 30

To. Heere's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he jets¹ under his advanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue. ¹*struts*

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe. 41

An. Fie on him Jezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagination blowes² him. ²*inflates*

16. *Mettle*: metal—MALONE.

Mal. Having beene three moneths married to her,
sitting in my state.¹ ¹ *canopied chaire*

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Velvet gowne: having come from a day bedde, where I
have left *Olivia* sleeping. 50

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after
a demure travaile of regard: telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
kinsman *Toby*.

To. Boltes and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seaven of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance
winde up my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell:
Toby approaches; curtsies there to me. 62

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from us with cars,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine *Toby*, my Fortunes having cast
me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech. 71

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our
plot?

54. *travaile*: travel-4F.

61. *my some*: my—some—COLLIER.

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir *Andrew*. 80

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment have we heere?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes shee het great *P's*. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that? 89

Mal. [*Reads*] *To the unknowne below'd, this, and my good Wisbes:* | Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the im- | pressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seale: tis my | Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads*] *Jove knowes I love, but who, Lips do not moove, no | man must know.* No man must know. What followes? | The numbers alter d: No man must know, |

If this should be thee *Malvolio*?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.¹ ^{1 badger}

Mal. [*Reads*] *I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lu- | cresse knife:* 101
With bloodlesse stroke my heart dotb gore, M. O. A. I. dotb sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

87. bet: her-2-4F.

95-6. *Jove .. know:* new ll. at But, Lips, No-CAPELL.

100-1. *Lucrese:* *Lucrece*-2ROWE.

100-3. new ll. at But, M.-HANMER.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him? 108

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:* Why shee may command me: I serve her, she is my Ladie. Why this is evident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetically position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M. O. A. I.*

To. O I, make up that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. *M. Malvolio, M.* why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults. 121

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you. 130

Mal. M, O, A, I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: *If this fall into thy band, revolve.* In my stars I am above thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeves greatnesse, and some

108. a poyson: o'poison—WHITE. 109. stallion: staniel—HANMER.
128. and: an—HANMER. 136. become: born—ROWE.

have greatnesse thrust uppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus advises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter services with thee, tht fortunate unhappy daylight and champion discovers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade pollticke Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination jade mee; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my love, & with a kinde of injunction drives mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Jove, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, let | it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. There- | fore in my presence still smile, deero my sweete,*

144. *tbce*: *thee*-2-4F.149. *tb*: misprint in 1F. only.149. *tb* fortunate unhappy daylight: The Fortunate Unhappy, printed as a signature; new l. at Daylight-CAPELL.150. *cbampion*: champain-DYCE. 151. *pollticke*: politic-2-4F.165. *deero my*: dear my-3-4F.

I pretbee. Jove | I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do every thing that thou | wilt have me. *Exit*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this device. 170

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bonds slave? 180

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke upon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil see it follow me. 193

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent divell of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

197. *secndus*: misprint in 1F. only.

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.[*Olivia's garden.*]*Enter Viola and Clowne.*

Vio. Save thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do live by the Church: For, I do live at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a chev'rill ¹ glove to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward. ¹*buckskin*

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my con-

10. *Kings:* king-2-4F.

science sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible. 31

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*.

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I thinke I saw your wisdom there. 42

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a paire of these have bred sir? 50

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring | a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I understand you sir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is over-worne. *exit*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole, 60 And to do that well, craves a kinde of wit:

35. *Pilchers*: pilchards—CAPELL.

43. *and*: an—POPE.

57. *conster*: construe—STEEVENS (1793).

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of persons, and the time:
 And like the Haggard,¹ checke² at every Feather ¹*hawk*
 That comes before his eye. This isa practice, ²*strike*
 As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
 For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
 But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

70

Vio. And you sir.

And. *Dieu vou guard Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vouz ousie vostre serviture.*

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion. 79

Vio. My legges do better understand me sir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman [Maria].

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

68. *wisemens folly falne*: wise men, folly-fall'n-CAPEL.

72. *vou guard*: vous-ROWE. *garde*-STEEVENS.

73. *vouz ousie*: vous aussi-ROWE. *serviture*: serviteur-POPE.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most preghant and vouchsafed care. 90

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand sir. |

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble service

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servants name, faire Princesse.

Ol. My servant sir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd complement: y'are servant to the Count *Orsino* youth. 100

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your servants servant, is your servant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.
I had you never speake againe of him;
But would you undertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to solicit that,
Then Musicke from the spheares. 110

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my servant, and I feare me you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

92. *already*: all ready—MALONE. 114. *bears*: here—WARBURTON.

Have you not set mine Honor at the stake, 120
 And baited it with all th'unmuzled thoughts
 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
 Enough is shewne, a Cipresse,¹ not a bosome, ¹ shroud
 Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grize:² for tis a vulgar prooffe ² degree
 That verie oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:
 O world, how apt the poore are to be proud? 130
 If one should be a prey, how much the better
 To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke upbraides me with the waste of time:
 Be not affraid good youth, I will not have you,
 And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
 your wife is like to reape a proper man:
 There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship: 140
 you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

123. *Cipresse*: cypress—Rowe. 124. *Hides*: Hideth—Globe.

139-40. 2 ll. ending disposition, Ladyship—Globe.

142. new l. at I—Capell.

149-50. *beautifull*? .. *lip*: beautiful .. lip—Rowe.

In the contempt and anger of his lip, 150
 A murderous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,
 Then love that would seeme hid: Loves night, is noone.
Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
 By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
 But rather reason thus, with reason fetter; 159
 Love sought, is good: but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
 And that no woman has, nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu good Madam, never more,
 Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.
Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst move
 That heart which now abhorres, to like his love. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a jot longer:

To. Thy reason deere venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*?

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more favours to the
 Counts Serving-man, then ever she bestow'd upon mee:
 I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that. 10

10. *see the: see thee the-3-4F.*

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

And. S'light; will you make an Asse o' me.

Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of judgement, and reason.

To. And they have beene grand Jurie men, since before
Noab was a Saylor. 18

Fab. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your sight, onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liver: you should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bangd the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, unlesse you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie. 30

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to sight with him hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no love-Broker in the world, can more prevaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour. 1 sharp

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew.* 40

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst¹ and brieve:

31. *And't*: An't-HANMER

35. *sight*: fight-2-4F.

it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou thou'at him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter: about it. 50

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

To. I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fa. We shall have a rare Letter from him; but you'le not deliver't. 58

To. Never trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your selves into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian that meanes to be saved by beleeving rightly, can ever beleeve such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in yellow stockings. 73

67. mine: nine—THEOBALD.

70. Renegatbo: renegado—ROWE.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not scene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great favour.

83

To. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scæna Tertia.

[*A street.*]

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)
But jealousie, what might befall your rravell, 10
Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough, and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,

10. *rravell*: travel—2-4F.

And thanks: and ever oft good turnes,
 Are shuffel'd off with such uncurrant pay: ¹ *wealth*
 But were my worth,¹ as is my conscience firme, 20
 You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
 Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
 I pray you let us satisfie our eyes
 With the memorials, and the things of fame
 That do renowne this City.

Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
 I do not without danger walke these streetes.
 Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies, 30
 I did some service, of such note indeede,
 That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,
 Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
 Might well have given us bloody argument:
 It might have since bene answer'd in repaying
 What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
 Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
 For which if I be lapsed² in this place 40
 I shall pay deere. ² *tripped up*

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
 In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
 Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
 Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
 With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

18. *ever oft*: ever ... oft—CAMBRIDGE.

WHAT YOU WILL

[III. iii. 45–iv. 20

You have desire to purchase: and your store 50
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an houre.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I have sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's *Malvolio*, he is sad, and civill,¹
And suites well for a servant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio*? ^{1 severe}

Mar. He's comming Madame:

But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave? 11

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if hee come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter [Maria, with] Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and metry madnesse equall bee.
How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho. 20

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

6. new l. at Where—POPE.

9-10. prose—POPE.

18. metry: merry—3-4F.

21. new l. at I—CAPELL.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This crosse-gartering, but what of that?
If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. [*Oli.*] Why how doest thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my
legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall
be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane
hand. 32

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and
kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you *Malvolio*?

Malvo. At your request:
Yes Nightingales answer Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-
nesse before my Lady. 41

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeve greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

Ol. Heaven restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-
ings. 51

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, ler me see thee a servant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orsino's* sis return'd, I couId hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleasure. 62

Ol. Ile come to him.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look d too. Where's my Cosine *Toby*, let some of my people have a speciall care of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *exit*

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurre directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I have lymde her, but it is Joves doing, and Jove make me thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance: What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene

57. *ler:* let-2-4F.

61. *couId:* could-2-4F.

74. *langer:* tang-2-4F.

me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Jove, not I,
is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 86

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all
the divels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe
possest him, yet Ile speake to him. 90

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir?
How ist with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private:
go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him;
did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to have
a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so? 98

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale
gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Malvolio*?
How ist with you? What man, defie the divell: consider,
he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the divell, how
he takes it at heart Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning
if I live. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile
say.

Mal. How now mistris? 110

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe
you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend
is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

104. *and: an-CAPELL.*

WHAT YOU WILL

[III. iv. 125-158]

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou chuck? |

Mal. Sir.

To. I bidde, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliar. 120

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Ist possible? 129

Fa. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter. 137

To. Come, wee'l have him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our verry pastime tyred out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ist so sawcy?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me. [*Reads*] 150

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call | thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of the Law |

To. Thou comst to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses | thee kindly: but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter | I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance | to kill me. 161

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

To. Fartheewell, and God have mercie upon one of our soules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou usest him, & thy sworne enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: Ile giv't him. 170

Mar. You may have verie fit occasion fot't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir *Andrew*: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for t comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhoode more

171. *You*: You-2-4F. *You .. fot't*: You .. for't-2-4F.

177. *it*: it-2-4F.

approbation, then ever proove it selfe would have earn'd him. Away. 180

And. Nay let me alone for swearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliver his Letter: for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices. 193

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while upon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I have said too much unto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't: 200
There's something in me that reproves my fault:
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reprove.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Jewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,

200. on't: out—THEOBALD.

That honour (sav'd) may upon asking give. 210

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell. [*Exit.*]

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you sir. 219

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what
nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not:
but thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hunter,
attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke,¹
be yare² in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skil-
full, and deadly. ¹rapier ²ready

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quar-
rell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from
any image of offence done to any man. 228

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if
you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard:
for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill,
and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and
on carpet consideration, but he is a divell in private brall,
soules and bodies hath he divorc'd three, and his incense-
ment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction
can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob,
nob, is his word: giv't or take't. 239

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire
some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard

220. *the too't: thee to't-3-4F.*

of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no: his indignation derives it selfe out of a verry computent injurie, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, unlesse you undertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to weare iron about you. 251

Vio. This is as uncivill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more. 261

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, & fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.* 271

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie divell, I have not seen such a firaço: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all:

and he gives me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified, 280
Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de have seene him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile give him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have perswaded him the youths a divell. 291

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man. 300

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello avoide it: but hee has promised

277. *bis*: hit—Rowe.

282. *and*: an—THEOBALD.

280-1. prose—CAPELL.

283-4. *I'de*: I'd—CAMBRIDGE.

me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.

[*They draw.*]

Ant. Put up your sword: if this yong Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me: 311
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword up if you please. 320

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile
be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and
raines well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2. *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*

An. You do mistake me sir.

1. *Off.* No sir, no jot: I know your favour well:
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well. 329

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:

[*To Vio.*]

But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:

What will you do: now my necessitie
 Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieves mee
 Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
 Then what befalls my selfe: you stand amaz'd,
 But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir? 339

For the fayre kindnesse you have shew'd me heere,
 And part being prompted by your present trouble,
 Out of my leane and low ability
 Ile lend you something: my having is not much,
 Ile make division of my present with you:
 Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,

Ist possible that my deserts to you
 Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
 Least that it make me so unsound a man
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses 350
 That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
 I hate ingratitude more in a man,
 Then lying, vainnesse, babling drunkennesse,
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themselves.

2. *Off.* Come sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
 heere, | 360
 I snatch'd one halfe out of the jawes of death,
 Releev'd him with such sanctitie of love;

355. *babling drunkennesse:* babbling, drunkenness—STEEVEN
 (1793).

WHAT YOU WILL

[III. iv. 396-427

And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this God:

Thou hast *Sebastian* done good feature, shame.

In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:

None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkinde.

Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous evill 370

Are empty trunks, ore-flourish'd by the devill.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him:

Come, come sir.

Ant. Leade me on. *Exit [with Officers]*

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye

That he beleeves himselfe, so do not I:

Prove true imagination, oh prove true,

That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel
whisper ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes. 380

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*: I my brother know

Yet living in my glasse: even such, and so

In favour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,

Tempests are kinde, and salt waves fresh in love.

[*Exit.*]

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leaving his frend
heere in necessity, and denying him: and for his coward-
ship aske *Fabian*. 390

Fab. A Coward, a most devout Coward, religious in
it.

And, Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

372-3. I l.-MALONE.

377. *true*: true-2-4F.

T.N.5.

III. iv. 428-IV. i. 25] TWELFE NIGHT, OR

To. Do, cuffe him soundly, but never draw thy sword

And. And I do not. [Exit.]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

[Before Olivia's bouse.]

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeeve, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you,
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speake with her: nor your name is not Master *Cesario*,
nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou
know'st not me. 12

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my fol-
ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will prove a
Cockney: I prethee now ungird thy stranges, and tell
me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that
thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall give worse
paiment. 21

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise-
men that give fooles money, get themselves a good re-
port, after foureteene yeares purchase.

395. *And:* AN-THEOBALD. 11-12. new l. at Thou-CAPELL.
19-21. 3 five-accent ll.-CAPELL.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, have I met you again: ther's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To. Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house.

Clb. This will I tell my Lady'straight, I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*] 31

To. Come on sir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke
with him: Ile have an action of Battery against him, if
there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet
it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong
souldier put up your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come
on. 40

Seb. I will be free from`thee. What wouldst thou
now? |

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what? Nay then I must have an Ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight. 50
Be not offended, deere *Cesario*:

Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

Let thy fayre wisdom, not thy passion sway
In this uncivill, and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
 And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks
 This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:
 Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
 He started one poore heart of mine, in thee. 60

Seb. What rellish is in this? How runs the streame?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:
 Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,
 If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O say so, and so be.

Exeunt

Scœna Secunda.

[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,
 make him beleeeve thou art sir *Topas* the Curate, doe it
 quickly. Ile call sir *Toby* the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clb. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe
 in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in
 in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the
 function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good
 Student: but to be said an honest man and a good hous-
 keeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great
 scholler. The Competitors enter. 12

Enter Toby [and Maria].

To. Jove blesse thee M. Parson.

Clb. Bonos dies sir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage*

65. *thoud'st*: shouldst—CAMBRIDGE. 8. *in* not repeated—2-4F.
 14, 17, etc. *M.*: master—VAR. (1773). 15. *Prage*: Prague—ROWE.

that never saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him sir *Topas*.

Clo. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison. 20

To. The knave counterfets well: a good knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who cal's there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, good sir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said M. Parson. 30

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good sir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darknesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the divell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari-cadoes, and the cleere stores toward the South north, are as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction? 42

Mal. I am not mad sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is darke.

Clo. Madman thou errest: I say there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Egyptians in their fogge.

45. *Clo.*: *Clo.*-2-4F.

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.¹ 51

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle? ^{1 set argument}

Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well. 62

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.

Tob. My most exquisite sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy berd and gowne, he sees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findst him: I would we were well ridde of this knavery. If he may bee conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the uppe-shot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit* 73

Clo. [*Sings*] Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady | does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

54. *happily*: haply—CAPELL.

74-5. new l. at Tell—CAPELL.

Mal. Foole, I say. 80

Clo. She loves another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankfull to thee for't.

Clo. M. Malvolio?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your five witts?

Mal. Foole, there was never man so notoriouslie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art. 90

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propertyed me: keepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the Minister is heere.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wittes the heavens restore: endeavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas. 100

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas: Marry Amen. I will sir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say.

Clo. Alas sir be patient. Whatsay you sir, I am shent¹ for speaking to you. ¹*punished*

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir. 110

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, pa-

102. *buy you: be wi'you (b'w')-Porz.*

IV. ii. 118–iii. 8] TWELFE NIGHT, OR

per, and light: and convey what I will set downe to my Lady: it shall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeve me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeve a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:
I prethee be goue. 121

Clo. [*Sings*] I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to sustaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the divell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man divell. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle she gave me, I do feel't, and see't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His counsell now might do me golden service, 10

121. *goue*: gone—2-4F.

122-9. 12 rhymed ll.—CAPELL.

For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
 That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
 So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give backe affayres, and their dispatch, 20
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceive she do's: there's something in't
 That is deceivable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
 Now go with me, and with this holy man
 Into the Chantry by: there before him,
 And underneath that consecrated rooffe,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
 That my most jealous, and too doubtfull soule 30
 May live at peace. He shall conceale it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keepe
 According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
 And having sworne truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heavens so shine,
 That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

18. *Ladies: lady's-Rowe.*

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**[Before Olivia's bouse.]**Enter Clowne and Fabian.**Fab.* Now as thou lov'st me, let me see his Letter.*Clo.* Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this Letter.*Fab.* This is to give a dogge, and in recompence desire my dogge againe.*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.**Duke.* Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends? 10*Clo.* I sir, we are some of her trappings.*Duke.* I know thee well: how doest thou my good Fellow?*Clo.* Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*Du.* Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No sir, the worse.*Du.* How can that be?

18

Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.*Du.* Why this is excellent.*Clo.* By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends.*Du.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.*Clo.* But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another. 30

WHAT YOU WILL

[V. i. 34-64]

Du. O you give me ill counsell.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of *S. Bennet* sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three. 39

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come again. I go sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my desire of having is the sinne of covetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well, 51
yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke unprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very envy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

I Off. *Orsino*, this is that *Anthonio* 60
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,

38. *belles: bella-4F.*

And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
 When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge;
 Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
 What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
 Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere 71
 Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino: Noble sir,
 Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give mee:
Anthonio never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
 Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
 From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was: 80
 His life I gave him, and did thereto adde
 My love without retention, or restraint,
 All his in dedication. For his sake,
 Did I expose my selfe (pure for his love)
 Into the danger of this adverse Towne,
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing 90
 While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use,
 Not halfe an houre before.

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrin*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heaven walkes
on earth: 101

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended upon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious *Olivia*. 109

Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat¹ and fulsome to mine eare 1 gross
As howling after Musicke.

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to perversenesse? you uncivill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and unauspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offerings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do? 120

Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shal becom him

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a savage jealousie,
That sometime savours nobly) but heare me this:

97. *intrin*: interim-2-4F.

119. *bave*: hath-CAPELL.

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screwes me from my true place in your favour:
 Live you the Marble-brested Tirant still.
 But this your Minion, whom I know you love, 130
 And whom, by heaven I sweare, I tender deerely,
 Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
 Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
 Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,
 To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willinglie,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love, 140

More then I love these eyes, more then my life,
 More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.
 If I do feigne, you witnesses above
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?
 Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband? 151

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
 Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,

145. *Aye: Ay-4F.*

WHAT YOU WILL

[V. i. 152-177]

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

160

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Heere to unfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reveales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutuall joynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings, 170
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travail'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet. 180

Vio. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the love of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-crosse, and has given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the love of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this sir *Andrew*? 191

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie divell incardinatc.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you: you drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not. 200

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would have tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't: |
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Cl. O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agoe: his eyes were set at eight i'th morning. 211

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

190. *home*: home-2-4F. 193. *incardinatc*: incardinate-2-4F.

WHAT YOU WILL

[V. i. 212-241

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, &
a knave: a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter Sebastian.

221

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must have done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not. 230

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere *Anthonio*,
How have the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Anthonio*?

Ant. How have you made division of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: 240
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waves and surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?

What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:

If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright us.

250

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my teares let fall upon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a moale upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

260

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets¹ to make us happie both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attyre: ¹ *binders*
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and jumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne, 269
Where lye my maiden weeds:² by whose gentle helpe,
I was preserv'd to serve this Noble Count: ² *garments*
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. [*To Oliv.*] So comes it Lady, you have beene
mistooke: |

But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true, 280
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,

[*To Vio.*] Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That severs day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes. 289

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he upon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he si rah? 300

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves
end as | well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ
a letter to | you, I should have given't you to day morn-
ing. But as a | madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so
it skilles not much | when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
delivers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad? 309

Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your

287. *from:* from-2-4F.

293. *Ladies:* lady's-Rowx.

310. *and:* an-POPE.

Ladyship will have it as it ought to bee, you must allow
Vox.

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clb. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend¹ my Princesse, and give eare. ^{1 attend}

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

317

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you have put mee into darkenesse, and given your drunken Cosine rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie-ship. I have your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speake out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clb. I Madame.

Du. This savours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd *Fabian*, bring him hither: 330

[*Exit Fabian.*]

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee 340
your Masters Mistris.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter [Fabian with] Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I *Malvolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand, 350
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Or say, tis not your seale, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you have given me such cleare lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Upon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, 360
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Charracter:
But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter: prethee be content, 370
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Judge
Of thine owne cause.

345. new l. at How—CAPELL.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
 And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
 Taint the condition of this present houre,
 Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
 Set this device against *Malvolio* heere, 380
 Upon some stubborne and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
 The Letter, at sir *Toby's* great importance,¹
 In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
 How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
 May rather plucke on laughter then revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd, ¹ *importunity*
 That have on both sides past. ² *boodwinked* 388

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how have they baffel'd² thee?

Cl. Why some are borne great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness throwne upon them. I was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's all one: By the Lotd Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall, and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirllegigge of time, brings in his revenges.

Mal. Ile be reveng'd on the whole packe of you?
 [*Exit.*]

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
 He hath not told us of the Captaine yet, 400
 When that is knowne, and golden time convents³
 A solemne Combination shall be made ³ *convenes*
 Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
 (For so you shall be while you are a man:)

393. *Lotd:* Lord-2-4F.395. *and:* an-POPE.

WHAT YOU WILL

[V. i. 396-417]

But when in other habites you are scene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*
[all except Clown]

Clowne sings.

*When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine: 410
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to mans estate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainst Knaves and Theeves men shut their gate,
for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came alas to wive,
with hey ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
for the raine, &c. 420*

*But when I came unto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With tospottes still had drunken beades,
for the raine, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l strive to please you every day.*

409. *tine*: tiny—2Rowe.

423. *tospottes*: tosspots—Rowe.

425. *begon*: begun—Rowe.

FINIS.

**THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS
CÆSAR**

J.C.I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of
Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius
Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet.*

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.]*



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward
Church at Snitterfield, about four miles from Stratford-on-Avon, where Richard Shakespeare, grandfather of the poet, farmed land belonging to Robert Arden, and where John, the poet's father, was born

THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS CÆSAR



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Rome. A street.]

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners
over the Stage.*

Flavius.

HENCE: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?
Car. [First Com.] Why Sir, a Carpenter. 10
Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. [Sec. Com.] Truly Sir, in respect of a fine
Workman, I am | but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with a safe

2. *Murellus:* Marullus, and so throughout—THEOBALD.

Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. [*Mar.*] What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what Trade? 20

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, have gone upon my handy-worke. 32

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce?

What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome, 40

To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheelles?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?

Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements,

To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Armes, and there have sate

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:

19-20. verse—JOHNSON.

29. *withal I:* with awl. I.—JENNENS.

38-9. 1 l.—ROWE.

OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[I. i. 48-80]

And when you saw his Chariot but appeare, 50
 Have you not made an Universall shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes
 To heare the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her Concave Shores?
 And do you now put on your best attyre?
 And do you now cull out a Holyday?
 And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
 That comes in Triumph over *Pompeyes* blood?
 Be gone,
 Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees, 60
 Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
 Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
 Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
 Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
 They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse: 70
 Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
 This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
 If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.¹

Mur. May we do so? ^{1 ceremonial vestments}
 You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
 Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophees: Ile about,
 And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thicke.
 These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing, 80
 Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soare above the view of men,
 And keepe us all in servile fearefulnessse. *Exeunt*

69. *where*: whether—CAMBRIDGE. *mettle*: metal—JOHNSON.

[Scene ii. *A public place.*]

[*Flourish.*] Enter *Cæsar*, *Antony* for the Course,
Calpurnia, *Portia*, *De-* | *cious*, *Cicero*,
Brutus, *Cassius*, *Caska*, [*a great crowd*
following] a *Soothsayer*: *af-* | *ter*
them Murellus and *Flavius*. |

Cæs. *Calpurnia.**Cask.* Peace ho, *Cæsar* speakes.*Cæs.* *Calpurnia.**Calp.* Heere my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
 When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

10

Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
 To touch *Calpurnia*: for our Elders say,
 The Barren touched in this holy chace,
 Shake off their sterreile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,

When *Cæsar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.[*Flourish.*]*Sooth.* *Cæsar.**Cæs.* Ha? Who calles?*Cask.* Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe. 20*Cæs.* Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?

I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
 Cry, *Cæsar*: Speake, *Cæsar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.*Cæs.* What man is that?1. *Calpurnia*: *Calpurnia*, and so throughout—GRANT WHITE.8. *Antonio's*: *Antonius'*—POPE.9, 11. *Antonio*: *Antonius*, and so throughout—POPE.

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March. 30

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Passe.

Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

Ile leave you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late: 40

I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse

And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:

You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand

Over your Friend, that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,

I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Meerely upon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my selfe, 50

Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be greev'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,

Forgets the shewes of Love to other men.

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face? 60

Brutus. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:

I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome, 70
(Except immortall *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Ages yoake,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would have me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse, 80
Will modestly discover to your selfe

That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:

Were I a common Laughter, or did use

To stale with ordinary Oathes my love

To every new Protester: if you know,

That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,

And after scandall them: Or if you know,

That I professe my selfe in Banquetting

To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous. 90

61-3. 2 ll. ending self, things—Rowe.

68-9. 1 l.—Rowe.

74-5. 1 l.—Rowe.

84. *Laughter*: *laughter*—Rowe.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What means this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose *Cæsar*
For their King.

Cassi. I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good, 100
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I love
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe, 110
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, upon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, 120
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

92-5. 2 five-accent ll.—Rowe.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.
 But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
 I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man, 130
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a Feaver when he was in Spaine,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans 140
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
 Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke *Titinius*,
 As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Majesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.

*Shout.**Flourish.**Bru.* Another generall shout?

I do beleeeve, that these applauses are
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*. 150

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about
 To finde our selves dishonourable Graves.
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.

The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
 But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be sounded more then yours?
 Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name: 160
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:
 Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meate doth this our *Cæsar* feede,
 That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
 When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
 But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
 When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide Walkes incompast but one man? 171
 Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
 When there is in it but one onely man.
 O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th'eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
 What you would worke me too, I have some ayme:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times 180
 I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
 I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further moov'd: What you have said,
 I will consider: what you have to say
 I will with patience heare, and finde a time
 Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:

171. *Walkes*: walls—2Rowz.

Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Under these hard Conditions, as this time 190
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
Have stricke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Traine.

Brn. The Games are done,
And *Cæsar* is returning.

Cassi. As they passe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day. 200

Bru. I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsars* brow,
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calpburnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seene him in the Capitoll
Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Caska* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar.* 210

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,

195-8. 2 five-accent ll.—Rowe.
212. a: o'—CAPELL.

195. *Brn.*: misprint 1F.

OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[I. ii. 200-231

I do not know the man I should avoyd
 So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,
 He is a great Observer, and he lookes 221
 Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,
 As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;
 Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd, 230
 Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæsar*.
 Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
 And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him. *Sennit*.

Exeunt Cæsar and his Trainee.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake
 with me?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
 That *Cæsar* lookes so sad. 238

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being
 offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
 and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noyse for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, everie
 time gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine
 honest Neighbors showted. 251

235-6. *verso*—*Popz*.

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine have had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw uppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and uttered such a deale of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked *Cæsar*: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyving the bad Ayre.

271

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cassi. No, *Cæsar* hath it not: but you, and I, And honest *Caska*, we have the Falling sicknesse.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

282

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himselfe?

264. *howted*: hooted—JOHNSON.

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, Is hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke.

300

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th'face againe. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæsars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

311

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

287. and: An (an')—THEOBALD. 290. Is: if—2-4F.

302. and: an (an')—THEOBALD.

Cask. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize, 320

How-ever he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives men stomacke to digest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus. 331

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe ever with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth beare me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In severall Hands, in at his Windowes throw, 340
As if they came from severall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cæsars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

323. *digest*: *digest*-3-4F.

325-6. 1 l.-Rowe.

333. *Mettle*: *metal*-3-4F.

[Scene iii. *The same. A street.*]

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter [from opposite sides]

Caska, | [with his sword drawn] and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska*: brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirme? O *Cicero*,
I have seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knottie Oakes, and I have seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds: 10
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Civill strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches joyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. 20
Besides, I ha'not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Upon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walke up and downe the streetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noone-day, upon the Market place,

23. *glas'd*: glared (*glar'd*)—2Rowe.

Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies 30
 Doe so conjoynly meet, let not men say,
 These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
 For I beleewe, they are portentous things
 Unto the Clymate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
 Send word to you, he would be there to morrow. 40

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
 This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men. 50

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cassi. Those that have knowne the Earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
 And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
 Have bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
 And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
 The Brest of Heaven, I did present my selfe
 Even in the ayme, and very flash of it. 60

30. *Howting*: *Hooting*—*JOHNSON*. 41-3. 2 five-accent ll.—*Rowe*.
 52-3. verse—*Rowe*.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens? |

It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish us.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*:

And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you use not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,

And cast your selfe in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heavens: 70

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,

Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,

Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,

Why all these things change from their Ordinance,

Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,

To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,

That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,

To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,

Unto some monstrous State. 80

Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,

Most like this dreadfull Night,

That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roares,

As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:

A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,

In personall action; yet prodigious growne,

And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you meane:

Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 90

Have Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;

65-9. 4 five-accent ll.—Rowe.

and: old men fool and—GRANT WHITE.

74. *Old men, Fooles,*

88-9. 1 l.—Rowe.

But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*: 100
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.* 110

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivitie.

Cassi. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serves 120
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answeere must be made. But I am arm'd,

OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[I. iii. 115-140

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speake to *Caska*, and to such a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious¹ for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre, 130
As who goes farthest. ¹*importunate*

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element 140
Is Favors, like the Worke we have in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste.

Cassi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus*
Cymber?

Cassi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate 150
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of us have scene strange sights.

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,

144-5. verse-Rowe. 148-9. verse-Rowe. 152-3. 1 l.-Rowe.
155-8. 3 ll. ending are, could, party-2SINGER.

If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre, 160
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Waxe
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cassi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.

Exit Cinna. 170

Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us goe, 180
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*]

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,

Give guesse how neere to day—*Lucius*, I say?
 I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
 When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius*: 10
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
 I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
 But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
 How that might change his nature, there's the question?
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
 And that craves warie walking: Crowne him that,
 And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
 That at his will he may doe danger with. 20
 Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
 Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Cæsar*,
 I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
 More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
 That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
 Whereto the Climber upward turnes his Face:
 But when he once attaines the upmost Round,
 He then unto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
 Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees¹
 By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may; ^{1 steps} 30
 Then least he may, prevent. And since the Quarrell
 Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would runne to these, and these extremities: -
 And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
 Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

18. *Crowne him that*: Crown him? that; —CAMBRIDGE.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found 40
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Give so much light, that I may reade by them. 50

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:

Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations have beene often dropt,
Where I have tooke them up:

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome

The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King. 60

Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redresse will follow, thou receivest

Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

66. *fifteene: fourteen*—THEOBALD.

OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[II. i. 60-85]

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.

70

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councell; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.

80

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discover them,
By any marke of favour.¹

¹ countenance

Brut. Let 'em enter:

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Caverne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

89

75. of a man: of man-2-4F.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*

Cass. I thinke we are too bold upon your Rest: 100
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I have beene up this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, *Decius Brutus*. 110

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus
Cymbér*.

Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper.*

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake
heere?

Cask. No. 120

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East

112-13. verse-2F.

118-19. verse-2F.

Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Brut. Give me your hands all over, one by one. 130

Cas. And let us sweare our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
 The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
 If these be Motives weake, breake off betimes,
 And every man hence, to his idle bed:
 So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
 Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
 (As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
 To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
 The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen, 140
 What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause,
 To pricke us to redresse? What other Bond,
 Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? And what other Oath,
 Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it. ¹*insidious*
 Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous¹
 Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
 That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, sweare
 Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine 150
 The even vertue of our Enterprize,
 Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
 To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
 Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
 That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
 Is guilty of a severall Bastardie,
 If he do breake the smallest Particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
 I thinke he will stand very strong with us. 160

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cyn. No, by no meanes.

Metel. O let us have him, for his Silver haire
Will purchase us a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his judgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not; let us not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing 170
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Cæsar*?

Cas. *Decius* well urg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes
If he improve them, may well stretch so farre
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 180
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæsar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæsars* Spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! But (alas) 190
Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,

And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers. 200
 And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:
 For he can do no more then *Cæsars* Arme,
 When *Cæsars* head is off.

Cas. Yet I feare him,
 For in the ingrafted love he beares to *Cæsar*.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him:
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for *Cæsar*,
 And that were much he should: for he is given
 To sports, to wildenesse, and much company. 210

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
 For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cas. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtfull yet,
 Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
 For he is Superstitious growne of late,
 Quite from the maine Opinion he held once, 220
 Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,
 And the perswasion of his Augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Never feare that: If he be so resolv'd,
 I can ore-sway him: For he loves to heare,
 That Unicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
 And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
 Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers. 230

But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me worke:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and faile not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Cæsar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*; 240
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,
And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes, 250
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With untyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,
And so good morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busie care drawes, in the braines of mer.;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

245-6. 1 l.—Rowe.

Enter Portia.

260

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.

Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherfore rise you now?
 It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently *Brutus*
 Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
 You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me, with ungente looks. 270
 I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry wafter of your hand
 Gave signe for me to leave you: So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
 Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
 Which sometime hath his houre with every man.
 It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe; 280
 And could it worke so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevayl'd on your Condition,
 I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: good *Portia* go to bed.*Por.* Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall274. *wafter*: wafture—Rowe.282. *Condition*: misprint IF283. *Brutus*: *Brutus*—2-4F.

To walke unbraced, and sucke up the humours 290
 Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?
 And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
 To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
 And tempt the Rhewmy, and unpurged Ayre,
 To adde unto hit sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,
 You have some sicke Offence within your minde,
 Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
 I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
 I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
 By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow 300
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
 Why you are heavy: and what men to night
 Have had resort to you: for heere have beene
 Some sixe or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets 310
 That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
 But as it were in sort, or limitation?
 To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
 And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
 As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall, 321

A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
 A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
 Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
 Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
 Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
 I have made strong proofe of my Constancie,
 Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
 Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
 And not my Husbands Secrets? 331

Bru. O ye Gods!
 Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
 Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
 And by and by thy bosome shall partake
 The secrets of my Heart.
 All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
 All the Charractery of my sad browes:
 Leave me with hast. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius. 340

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.
 Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caius*
 To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Cai. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*, 350
 Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
 Brave Sonne, deriv'd from Honourable Loines,
 Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
 And I will strive with things impossible,
 Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
 That will make sicke men whole. 360

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
 To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
 And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
 To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
 That *Brutus* leads me on.

Thunder.

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt

[Scene ii. *Cæsar's house.*]

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gowne.

Cæsar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
 Have beene at peace to night:
 Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,
 Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
 And bring me their opinions of Successe.

10

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit

359-60. 1 l.—Rowe.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Calp. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and scene, 20
Recounts most horrid sights scene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yeelded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood upon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use, 30
And I do feare them.

Cæs. What can be avoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

Cæs. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard, 40
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

24. *fight*: fought—GRANT WHITE.

28. *do*: did—2-4F.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:

Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart 50
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne. 60
Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee, prevaile in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. *Cæsar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 70
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falsen:

54. beare: are—CAPELL.

I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?

Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,

To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:

Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laught at when I tell them so. 81

Cæs. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,

That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calburnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:

She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,

Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts

Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it: 90

And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,

It was a vision, faire and fortunate:

Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke

Reviving blood, and that great men shall presse

For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.

This by *Calburnia's* Dreame is signified. 101

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now, the Senate have concluded

To give this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæsar*.

86. wife: misprint 1F. 87. Statue: statua—STEEVENS (1793).

If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 Breake up the Senate, till another time:
 When *Cæsar's* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
 If *Cæsar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper 111
Loe Cæsar is affraid?

Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my deere deere love
 To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calpurnia*?
 I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
 Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius. 120

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so carely too?
 Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne're so much your enemy,
 As that same Ague which hath made you leane.
 What is't a Clocke?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight. 129

Cæs. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Revels long a-nights
 Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Cæsar*

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
 I am too blame to be thus waited for.
 Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
 I have an houres talke in store for you:
 Remember that you call on me to day:
 Be neere me, that I may remember you. 140

Treb. *Cæsar* I will: [*Aside*] and so neere will I be,
 That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
 And we (like Friends) will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,
 The heart of *Brutus* earne to thinke upon. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *A street near the Capitol.*]

Enter Artemidorus [*reading a paper*].

[*Art.*] *Cæsar*, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cassius*; come not | neere *Caska*, have an eye to *Cynna*,
 trust not *Trebonius*, marke | well *Metellus Cymber*,
Decius Brutus loves thee not: *Thou* | hast wrong'd
Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all |
 these men, and it is bent against *Cæsar*: If thou beest
 not Im- | mortall, looke about you: Security gives way to
 Conspiracie. | The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus*.

Heere will I stand, till *Cæsar* passe along, 10
 And as a Sutor will I give him this:
 My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of Emulation.
 If thou reade this, O *Cæsar*, thou mayest live;
 If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans minde, but a womans might: 10
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam. 20

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

28. a: o'-THEOBALD.

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll? 30

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance: 40

Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes *Cæsar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
He get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit*

Por. I must go in:
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize. 50
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

37-8. verse—POPE.

39-40. 1 l.—POPE.

47-8. 1 l.—ROWE.

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*]

Flourish.

Enter [a crowd of people,] Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Tre- | bonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, [Popilius] Artimedorus, Pub- | lius, and the Sootbsayer.

Cæs. [*To the Sootbsayer*] The Idea of March are come. |

Sootb. I *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Cæsar*: Read this Scedule.

Deci. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leysure) this his humble suite. 10

Art. O *Cæsar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Cæsar* neerer. Read it great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our selfe, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cassi. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.

[*Cæsar goes to the Senate-House, the rest following.*]

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cassi. What enterprize *Popillius*? 20

Popil. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said *Popillius Lena*?

Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæsar*: marke him.

Artimedorus: misprint 1F.

Cassi. *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare prevention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turne backe,
 For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:

30

Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
 For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cassi. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
 He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
 And presently preferre his suite to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
 That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse? 40

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puisant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Scate
 An humble heart. [*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee *Cymber*:

These couchings,¹ and these lowly courtesies
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men, ¹ *crouchings*
 And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
 Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
 To thinke that *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality 50
 With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
 Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
 Thy Brother by decree is banished:
 If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
 I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

48. *lane: law*—MALONE.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy, then my owne,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother? 60

Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Have an immediate freedome of repeale.

Cæs. What *Brutus*?

Cassi. Pardon *Cæsar*: *Cæsar* pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge infranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moove, Prayers would moove me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre, 70
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumberd sparkes,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he, 80
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cinna. O *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?

Cask. Speake hands for me.

They [*Casca first, then the other Conspirators
and Marcus Brutus*] stab *Cæsar*. |

Cæs. *Et Tu Brutè?*——Then fall *Cæsar*. *Dyes*

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead, 91
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny. 100

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Cæsars*
Should chance ——

Bru. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.

Cassi. And leave us *Publius*, least that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

110

Cassi. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand upon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: 120
So are we *Cæsars* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood

Up to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborne, and Accents yet unknowne? 130

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?

Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cassi. I, every man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome. 140

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony* 150
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,

130. *State: states*—2-4F.

Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place 160
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet have I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiving still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*. 170

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As *Cæsars* deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard, 180
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of us:
169-70. 1 l.—POPE.

Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
 As by our hands, and this our present Acte
 You see we do: Yet see you but our hands, 190
 And this, the bleeding businesse they have done:
 Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
 And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
 As fire drives out fire, so pitty, pitty
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you, our Swords have leaden points *Marke Antony*:
 Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
 Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
 With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans, 200
 In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd
 The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
 And then, we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strooke him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.
 Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
 Next *Gaius Cassius* do I take your hand; 210
 Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
 Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*
 Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
 That I did love thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
 If then thy Spirit looke upon us now,
 Shall it not greeve thee deerer then thy death, 220

209. *Flut*: misprint 1F.

To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
 Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, then to close
 In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me *Julius*, heere was't thou bay'd brave Hart,
 Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee. 230
 O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
 And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
 How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
 Dost thou heere lye?

Cassi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:

The Enemies of *Cæsar*, shall say this:
 Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cassi. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
 But what compact meane you to have with us? 240
 Will you be prick'd¹ in number of our Friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you? ¹marked

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæsar*.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
 Why, and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle:
 Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæsar*, 250
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
 And am moreover sutor, that I may
 Produce his body to the Market-place,

And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cassi. *Brutus*, a word with you:

[*Aside to Brutus*] You know not what you do; Do
not consent |

That *Antony* speake in his Funerall: 260

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon:

I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsars* death.

What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest

He speakes by leave, and by permission:

And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall

Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,

It shall advantage more, then do us wrong. 270

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Cæsars* body:

You shall not in your Funerall speech blame us,

But speake all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,

And say you doo't by our permission:

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his Funerall. And you shall speake

In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so: 280

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

[*Ant.*] O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:

That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.

Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man

That ever lived in the Tide of Times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
 Over thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
 (Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips, 290
 To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
 A Curse shall light upon the limbes of men;
 Domesticke Fury, and fierce Civill strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadfull Objects so familiar,
 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
 All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
 And *Cæsars* Spirit ranging for Revenge, 300
 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
 Cry havocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
 That this foule deede, shall smell above the earth
 With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavio's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming, 310
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O *Cæsar*! [Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
 Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
 Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,

306. *Octavio's*: *Octavius*', and so throughout—*POPE*.

314. *from*: *for*—2-4*F*.

318-19. 1 l.—*ROWE*.

And tell him what hath chanc'd:
 Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 320
 No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
 Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course
 Into the Market place: There shall I try
 In my Oration, how the People take
 The cruell issue of these bloody men,
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To yong *Octavius*, of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. *Exeunt [with Cæsar's body]*

[Scene ii. *The Forum.*]

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians [a throng of Citizens].

Ple. [Cits.] We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other streete,
 And part the Numbers:

Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And publike Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Cæsars* death. 10

1. *Ple. [Cit.]* I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. *[Cit.]* I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their
 Reasons, |

When severally we heare them rendred.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.

Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

3. *[Cit.]* The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my
 cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeve me for

mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may beleewe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all Slaves; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not love his Countrey? If any, speake, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All: None *Brutus*, none.

37

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony [and others], with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dag-

37. *Brutus*: misprint 1F.

ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need
my death. 50

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. [*Cit.*] Bring him with Triumph home unto his
house. |

2. [*Cit.*] Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. [*Cit.*] Let him be *Cæsar*.

4. [*Cit.*] *Cæsars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. [*Cit.*] Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. [*Cit.*] Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes. 60

1. [*Cit.*] Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

Exit

1 [*Cit.*] Stay ho, and let us heare *Mark Antony*.

3 [*Cit.*] Let him go up into the publike Chaire, 70
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*]

4 [*Cit.*] What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 [*Cit.*] He sayes, for *Brutus* sake
He findes himselfe beholding to us all.

4 [*Cit.*] 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus*
heere? |

1 [*Cit.*] This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 [*Cit.*] Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 [Cit.] Peace, let us heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans. 81

All. Peace hoe, let us heare him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:

The evill that men do, lives after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greevous Fault,

And greevously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it. 90

Heere, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and just to me;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:

Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious? 100

When that the poore have cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke, 110

But heere I am, to speake what I do know;

You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?

O Judgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
 And Men have lost their Reason. Beare with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause, till it come backe to me.

1 [*Cit.*] Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings. |

2 [*Cit.*] If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar ha's had great wrong. 120

3 [*Cit.*] Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse
 come in his place. |

4. [*Cit.*] Mark'd ye his words? he would not take
 the Crown, |

Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. [*Cit.*] If it be found so, some will deere abide it.

2. [*Cit.*] Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping. |

3. [*Cit.*] There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*. |

4. [*Cit.*] Now marke him, he begins againe to
 speake. |

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have stood against the World: Now lies he there,
 And none so poore to do him reverence. 130

O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:

114. *arc:* art-2-4F.

120-1. 2 ll. ending masters, place-CAPELL.

Let but the Commons heare this Testament: 140
 (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
 And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,
 And dip their Napkins¹ in his Sacred Blood;
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
 And dying, mention it within their Willes,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie ¹ *handkerchiefs*
 Unto their issue.

4 [*Cit.*] Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you: 151
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

4 [*Cit.*] Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
 You shall reade us the Will, *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
 I have o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it, 160
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
 Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

4 [*Cit.*] They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2 [*Cit.*] They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will,
 read the | Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave? 170

All. [*Several Cits.*] Come downe.

2 [*Cit.*] Descend.

3 [*Cit.*] You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*]

4 [*Cit.*] A Ring, stand round.

1 [*Cit.*] Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 [*Cit.*] Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay presse not so upon me, stand farre off.

All. [*Several Cits.*] Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you have teares, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember 180

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,

That day he overcame the *Nervii*.

Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:

See what a rent the envious *Caska* made:

Through this, the wel-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,

As rushing out of doores, to be resolv'd

If *Brutus* so unkindely knock'd, or no: 190

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.

Judge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lov'd him:

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,

Even at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue

(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen? 200

Then I, and you, and all of us fell downe,

Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weepe, and I perceive you feele

198. *Statue: statua*—STEEVENS (1793).

The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. [*Cit.*] O pitteous spectacle!

2. [*Cit.*] O Noble *Cæsar*!

3. [*Cit.*] O wofull day!

210

4. [*Cit.*] O Traitors, Villaines!

1. [*Cit.*] O most bloody sight!

2. [*Cit.*] We will be reveng'd: [*All.*] Revenge

About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. [*Cit.*] Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. [*Cit.*] Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l
 dy with | him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
 you up |

220

To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that have done this Deede, are honourable.

What private greefes they have, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man

That love my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gave me publike leave to speake of him: 230

For I have neyther writ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,

To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:

I tell you that, which you your selves do know,

Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths

231. writ: wit-2-4F.

And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
 In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny. 240

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1 [*Cit.*] Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

3 [*Cit.*] Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
 Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you of. 249

All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Will

Ant. Heere is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seale

To every Roman Citizen he gives,

To every severall man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2 *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l revenge his
 death. |

3 *Ple.* [*Cit.*] O Royall *Cæsar*.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
 His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
 On this side Tyber, he hath left them you, 260
 And to your heyres for ever: common pleasures
 To walke abroad, and recreate your selves.
 Heere was a *Cæsar*: when comes such another?

1. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Never, never: come, away, away:

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,

And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.

Take up the body.

2. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Go fetch fire.

3. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Plucke downe Benches. 269

4. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Plucke downe Formes, Windowes,
any thing. | *Exit Plebeians* [*Citizens with the body*].

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeeffe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 280
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *A street.*]

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantastic:
I have no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.

[*Enter Citizens.*]

1. [*Cit.*] What is your name?
2. [*Cit.*] Whether are you going?
3. [*Cit.*] Where do you dwell?
4. [*Cit.*] Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

3. *unluckily*: unlucky—WARBURTON.

2. [Cit.] Answer every man directly. 10

1. [Cit.] I, and breefely.

4. [Cit.] I, and wisely.

3. [Cit.] I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer every man, directly and breesely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2 [Cit.] That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mar- | rie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: pro-
ceede di- | rectly. 20

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsars* Funerall.

1. [Cit.] As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. [Cit.] That matter is answered directly.

4. [Cit.] For your dwelling: breefely.

Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. [Cit.] Your name sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. [Cit.] Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. [Cit.] Teare him for his bad verses, teare him
for his bad | Verses. 32

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. [Cit.] It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke
but his | name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. [Cit.] Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe,
Firebrands: | to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to
Decius House, | and some to *Caska's*; some to *Liga-*
rius: Away, go. | *Exeunt all the Plebeians.*

16. *breesely*: misprint 1F.

Actus Quartus.[Scene i. *A house in Rome.*]*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus [seated at a table].**Ant.* These many then shall die, their names are prickt¹*Octa.* Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?*Lep.* I do consent. ¹marked*Octa.* Pricke him downe *Antony*.*Lep.* Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony*.*Ant.* He shall not live; looke, with a spot I dam him.
But Lepidus, go you to *Cæsars* house: 10

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?*Octa.* Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus**Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?*Octa.* So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye 20
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.*Ant.* *Octavius*, I have seene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,
To groane and swet under the Businesse,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares, 30
And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: 40
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of use, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octavius*,
Listen great things. *Brntus* and *Cassius*
Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let us presently go sit in Councell, 50
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischiefes. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*]

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucillius* [*Lucius*], and the
Army. *Titinius* | and *Pindarus* meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Give the word ho, and Stand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere?

42. *Objects, Arts:* abjects, orta—STAUNTON.

46. *Brntus:* Brutus—2-4F.

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish 10
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conferenc 20
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucillius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre, 30
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Jades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along. 40

[1 *Sol.*] Stand.

[2 *Sol.*] Stand.

[3 *Sol.*] Stand.

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. Brutus, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Brut. Cassius, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well. 50
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will give you Audience.

Cassi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt* 61

[Scene iii. *Brutus's tent.*]

Manet [Enter] *Brutus and Cassius.*

Cassi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brn. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

6. *was: were*—MALONE.

7. *Brn.:* misprint 1 F.

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice¹ offence should beare his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe 10
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold ^{1 slight}
To Undeservers.

Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleede for Justice sake? 21
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What? Shall one of Us,
That stricke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman. 30

Cassi. *Brutus*, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cassi. Urge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

15. *speakes: speak*—POPE.

31. *baite: bay*—THEOBALD.

Bru. Away slight man.

41

Cassi. Is't possible?

Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I give way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaves how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch 50
Under your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men. 60

Cass. You wrong me every way:

You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me. |

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted
him. |

Cassi. I durst not.

Bru. No.

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?

70

Bru. For your life you durst not.

61-2. 1 l.—Rowe.

Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes: 80
By Heaven, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Covetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts, 90
Dash him to peeces.

Cassi. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassi. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults. 100

Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
94-5. 2 five-accent ll.—DYCE.

Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
 Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
 To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe 110
 My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
 And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
 Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:
 If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it forth.
 I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
 Strike as thou did'st at *Cæsar*: For I know,
 When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loved'st him
 better |

Then ever thou loved'st *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope: 120
 Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
 O *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
 That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
 Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
 And straite is cold agen.

Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd

To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill remper'd too.

Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. 131

Cassi. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cassi. Have not you love enough to beare with me,
 When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
 Makes me forgetfull.

113. *Pluto's*: *Plutus'*—*POPE*. 129. *remper'd*: *temper'd*—2-4*F*.

Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

140

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

[*Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.*]

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Love, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I have seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?

Bru. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence. 151

Cas. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these Jigging Fooles?
Companion,¹ hence. ^{1 fellow}

Cas. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Bru. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come yourselves, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*] 160

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine. [*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidentall evils.

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha? *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse! 170
Upon what sicknesse?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy [Lucius] with Wine, and Tapers. 180

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius.* *Drinckes*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius:* [*Exit Lucius.*]
Welcome good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities. 190

Cas. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have heere received Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

187-8. 1 l.—Rowe.

Mess. My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, 200
 Have put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
 Mine speake of seventy Senators, that dy'de
 By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. *Cicero* one?

Messa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
 Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*. 210

Messa. That me thinkes is strange.

Bru. Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Messa. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
 For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We must die *Messala*:
 With meditating that she must dye once,
 I have the patience to endure it now. 220

Messa. Even so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
 But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke alive. What do you thinke
 Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemie seeke us,

So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers, 230
 Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better:
 The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
 For they have grug'd us Contribution.
 The Enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:
 From which advantage shall we cut him off. 240
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
 These people at our backe.

Cassi. Heare me good Brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
 That we have tride the utmost of our Friends:
 Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
 The Enemy encreaseth every day,
 We at the height, are readie to decline.
 There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune: 250
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
 Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
 On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or loose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
 Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deepe of night is crept upon our talke,
 And Nature must obey Necessitie,
 Which we will niggard with a little rest: 260
 There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,
 Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

256-7. new l. at We'll-CAPELL.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: [*Exit Lucius.*] farewell
good *Messala*, |

Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'twene our soules: 270
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Brn. Every thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewell every one. *Exeunt.*

Give me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 280
Poore knave I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,
He have them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, 290
And watch your pleasure. ♫

273. *Brn.*: misprint 1F.

282, 284. *Claudio*: Claudius, and so throughout-Rowe.

284. *Varrus*: Varro, and so throughout-Rowe. 290-1. 1 l.-POPE.

Bru. I will it not have it so: Lye downe good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou hold up thy heavie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you. 300

Bru. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brut. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song. 310

This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumbler!
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knave good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'st not, thou break'st thy Instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes 321

292. *will it not: will not-2-4F.*

That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
 It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Divell,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?
 Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evill Spirit *Brutus*?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe? 330

Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.

Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
 Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
 Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord. 340

Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucus*, that thou so cryedst
 out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, [*To Var.*]

Fellow, |

Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe? 350

Both. Did we my Lord?

341. *Lucus*: *Lucius*-2-4F.

346-7. new l. at Fellow-CAPELL.

341-2. verse-POPE.

349. *Clau.*: *Clau.*-2-4F.

Bru. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *The plains of Philippi.*]

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne us at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content 10
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull bravery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, leade your Battaile softly on 20
Upon the left hand of the even Field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.¹

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*
¹ *exigency*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

[*Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.*]

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

Octa. *Mark Antony*, shall we give signe of Battaile?

Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words. 30

Oct. Stirre not untill the Signall.

Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.

An. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words
 Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
 Crying long live, Haile *Cæsar*.

Cassi. *Antony*,

The posture of your blowes are yet unknowne;

But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees, 40

And leave them Hony-lesse.

Ant. Not stinglesse too.

Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:

For you have stolne their buzzing *Antony*,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
 Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete; 50

Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde

48. *teetbes*: teeth—3-4F.

48-9. 1 l.—ROWL.

Strooke *Cæsar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us swet,
The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes up againe?
Never till *Cæsars* three and thirtie wounds 60
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Unlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Brut. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

Cassi. A peevisch School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Joyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller. 70

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:

The Storme is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you. 80

Lucillius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cassi. Messala.

Messa. What sayes my Generall?

Cassi. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Give me thy hand *Messala*:
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battell all our Liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong, 90
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* heere consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Ravens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on us
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme 100
A Canopy most fatall, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeve not so.

Cassi. I but beleeve it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucillius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, leade on our dayes to age. 110
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:

85. new l. at This—POPE.

111. rests: rest—ROWE.

What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent¹ 120
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That governe us below. ^{1 anticipate}

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day 130
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come: 141
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *The same. The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Billes
Unto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavio's* wing:
And sodaine push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whil'st we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

10

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troopes

And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd 20
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought. *Exit.*

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.

[*Pindarus ascends the bill.*]

This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes? 30

Pind. [*Above*] *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*

And hearke, they shout for joy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus. 40

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword [*Pindarus stabs him.*] — *Cæ-*
sar, thou art reveng'd, |

35-6. 1 l.—Pope.

41. Come .. sirrah: separate l.—Pope

Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*] 50

Pin. So, I am free,

Yet would not so have beene

Durst I have done my will. O' *Cassius*,

Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*

Is overthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,

As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*. 60

Messa. Where did you leave him.

Titin. All disconsolate,

With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,

But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:

As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set. 70

The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,

Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:

Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.

O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:

Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O Error soone conceyv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy byrth,

But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet 81
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his cares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the cares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why did'st thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they 90
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not heare their
showts? |

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. Dies

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, yong *Cato*, 100
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillius*.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slaine.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailles. Low *Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
Looke where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*. 110

110. where: whether—CAMBRIDGE.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, far thee well:
 It is impossible, that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no teares
 To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
 I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.
 Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,
 His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
 Least it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
 And come yong *Cato*, let us to the Field, 120
Labio and *Flavio* set our Battailes on:
 'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
 We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,
 and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
 I will proclaime my name about the Field.
 I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
 A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
 I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

[*Bru.*] And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I, 10
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
 Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,
 And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

117. *Tharsus*: *Thasos*—CAMBRIDGE.

[1.] *Sold.* Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:

[*Offering money.*]

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

[1.] *Sold.* We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

20

2. *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1. *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do finde him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe. 30

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,

Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have

Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,

And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent:

How every thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

[Scene v. *Another part of the field.*]

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.*

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

35. *where: whether*—CAMBRIDGE.

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.

Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*. [*Whispers.*]

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Brut. Peace then, no words. 10

Clit. Ile rather kill my selfe.

Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*. [*Whispers.*]

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,
That it runnes over even at his eyes. 19

Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two severall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes, 29

Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*

It is more worthy, to leape in our selves,

Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:

Even for that our love of old, I prethee

Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Gly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe: 40
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
 My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this loosing day
 More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine unto.
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
 Hath almost ended his lives History:
 Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre. 50

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cl. Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru. Hence: I will follow:

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. [*Runs on his sword.*]

—*Cæsar*, now be still, | 60
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony, Octavius, Messala,*
Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
 For *Brutus* onely overcame himselfe,

And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true, 71

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. I, if *Messala* will preferre¹ me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*. ¹*recommend*

Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messa. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators save onely hee, 81
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*:

He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octa. According to his Vertue, let us use him
Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly, 90
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

**THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE**

HAM. I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king.*

POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,	}	<i>courtiers.</i>
CORNELIUS,		
ROSENCRANTZ,		
GUILDENSTERN,		
OSRIC,		
A Gentleman,		

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,	}	<i>officers.</i>
BERNARDO,		

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*

Players.

Two Clowns, *grave-diggers.*

FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers,
and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*]

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*]

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

[*Francisco at his post. Enter to him Barnardo.*]

Barnardo.

WHO'S there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre. 9

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

2, 3. *Barnardo:* Barnardo, and so throughout—4F.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground. 20

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I have seene nothing. 31

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantastic,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while, 40
And let us once againe assaile your cares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights have seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

16-17. 3 ll. ending night, *Marcellus*, haste-2-5Q.

19. Stand: Stand, hol-2-5Q.

22-8. 4 ll. ending Soldier, place, Say, him-CAPELL.

43. two Nights have: have two nights-QQ.

OF HAMLET

[I. i. 34-61

And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one. 50

Mar. Peace, breake thee off: *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme 60
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't? 70

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeve
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' Ambitious Norway combatted:

51-2. 1 1.-2-5Q.

77. *When tb': When he the-2-5Q.*

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

80

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: 90
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night joynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride) 100
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,

79. *Pollax*: Polacks (Polack-POPE)—MALONE.

81. *just*: jump-QQ.

106. *seiz'd on*: seized of-QQ.

Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant 110
 And carriage of the Article designe,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
 Shark'd up a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
 For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
 That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
 (And it doth well appeare unto our State)
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And termes Compulsative, those foresaid Lands 120
 So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
 Is the maine Motive of our Preparations,
 The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
 Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

[*Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enso;^a
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth^b it is to trouble the mindes eye:
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
 The graves stood tennatlesse,^c and the sheeted dead
 Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
 As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist Starre,
 Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands
 Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.

111. *designe*: design'd-2-4F. 113. *Mettle*: metal (metall)-6Q.

115. *Landlesse*: lawless-QQ. 118. *And*: As-2-5Q.

120. *Compulsative*: compulsory-2-5Q.

124-5. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *enso*: e'en so (even so)-Rowx.

^b *moth*: mote-5Q.

^c *tennatlesse*: tenantless-4Q.

And even the like precurse of feare^d events
 As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our Climatures and country men.]

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
 Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
 If thou hast any sound, or use of Voyce, 128
 Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.
 [Cock crows.]

If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
 (Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
 Or, if thou hast up-hoarded in thy life
 Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
 Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at ir with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

140

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Majesticall
 To offer it the shew of Violence,
 For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

^d *feare*: fierce (fearce-4Q.)-5Q.

129. *Speake to me*: separate l.-2-5Q.

130. *speake to me*: separate l.-1Q.

132. *Oh speake*: separate l.-2-5Q.

137. *ir*: it-2-5Q.2-4F.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,
 The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate 150
 Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
 Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
 Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
 To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
 This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
 Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
 Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
 The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
 And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad, 160
 The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
 No Faيري talks, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
 So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part beleeeve it.
 But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
 Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
 Breake we our Watch up, and by my advice
 Let us impart what we have seene to night
 Unto yong *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
 This Spirit dumbe to us, will speake to him: 170
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needfull in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
 Where we shall finde him most conveniently. *Exeunt*

149. *day*: morn-2-5Q.157. *sayes*: say-QQ.160. *can walke*: dare stir (dare walke-1Q.)-2-5Q.162. *talkes*: takes-QQ.166. *Easterne*: eastward-2-5Q.173. *Let*: Let's-2-4F.QQ.

Scena Secunda.[*A room of state in the castle.*]

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him, 10
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Joyntresse of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor have we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which have freely gone 20
With this affaïre along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disjoynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester us with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

12. *sometimes: sometime*—2-5Q.13. *of this: to this*—2-5Q.15. *one .. one: an .. a*—2-5Q.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

30

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
 Thus much the businesse is. We have heere writ
 To Norway, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
 His further gate heerein. In that the Levies,
 The Lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subject: and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway, 40
 Giving to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow:

Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
 You told us of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane, 50
 And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
 The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
 What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and favour to returne to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke

39. *Voltemand*: *Voltimand*-2-4F. 40. *bearing*: *bearers*-2Q.

43. *dilated*: *delated* (*related*-1Q.)-2-5Q.

57. *Dread my Lord*: *My dread lord*-2-5Q.

To shew my duty in your Coronation, 60
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave?
 What sayes *Pollonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord: [wroung from me my slow
 leave

By laboursome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seald my hard consent,]
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne? 70

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more then kin, and lesse then
 kinde. |

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
 Do not for ever with thy veyled lids
 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must dye,
 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common. 80

Queen. If it be;
 Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
 'Tis no: alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
 Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

62. *towards*: toward-2-5Q.

66-7. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

76. *veyled*: vailed-2-5Q.

64-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

74. *nighbly*: nighted-2-5Q.

No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
 Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme, 90
 For they are actions that a man might play:
 But I have that Within, which passeth show;
 These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 To give these mourning duties to your Father:
 But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
 That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
 In filiall Obligation, for some terme
 To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persever 100
 In obstinate Condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis unmanly griefe,
 It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
 A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,
 An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peevisish Opposition
 Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heaven,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature, 110
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevayling woe, and thinke of us
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lesse Nobility of Love,

89. *shewes: shapes* (chapes-2Q.)-4-5Q. 94-5. 11.-2-5Q.

113. *Coarse: corse*-Rowe.

Then that which dearest Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent 120
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 I prythee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
 Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a faire Reply, 130
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the Heavens shall bruit againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew: 140
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seemes to me all the uses of this world?
 Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meereley. That it should come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,

120. *towards: toward*-2-5Q. 128-9. 11.-2Q.

136. *Rouse: rouse (rowse)*-2Q. *Heavens: heaven*-2-5Q.

142. *O God, O God: O God! God*-2-5Q.

144. *Seemes: Seem*-2-5Q. 145. *Ob fie, fie: Ah fie*-2-5Q.

So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: so loving to my Mother, 150
 That he might not beteene the windes of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, even she. 159
 (O Heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Unkle,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus. 170

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
 Ile change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

151. *beteene*: *beteem*-2-5Q. 160. *O Heaven*: *O God*-2-5Q.

161. *mine*: *my*-2-5Q. 165. *of her*: *in her*-2Q.

172-3. 1 l.-2-5Q. 174-5. 1 l.-2Q. 176-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

*Marcellus.**Mar.* My good Lord. 180*Ham.* I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my Lord.*Ham.* I would not have your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart. 189

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.*Ham.* I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.*Hor.* Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.*Ham.* Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Ere I had ever seene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.*Hor.* Oh where my Lord?*Ham.* In my minds eye (*Horatio*) 200*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly King.*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look upon his like againe.*Hor.* My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.*Ham.* Saw? Who?*Hor.* My Lord, the King your Father.*Ham.* The King my Father?*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while182. *Wittemberge*: Wittenberg-QQ. 184. *bawe*: hear-2-5Q.185. *mine*: my-2-5Q.188. *Elsenour*: Elsinore-MALONE.197. *Ere I had ever*: Or ever I had (*Ere*, etc.-1Q.)-2-5Q.199. *Ob where*: Where-QQ.

With an attent eare; till I may deliver
 Upon the witsnesse of these Gentlemen, 210
 This marvell to you.

Ham. For Heavens love let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
 (*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
 In the dead wast and middle of the night
 Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
 Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
 Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
 Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
 By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes, 220
 Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
 Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,
 Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
 In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
 And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
 Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
 Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
 The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? 230

Mar. My Lord, upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answere made it none: yet once me thought
 It lifted up it head, and did addresse
 It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
 But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
 And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,

212. *Heavens*: God's-QQ.

215. *wast*: vast-1Q. 5Q.

217. *at all points*: at point (to poynt-1Q.)-2-4Q.

219. *stately*: By them thrice: stately by them: thrice-2-5Q.

221. *bestil'd*: distill'd-QQ.

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange. 240

Hor. As I doe live my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?

Botb. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Botb. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Botb. My Lord, from head to foote. 250

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you. 260

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred. |

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly? no.

Hor. It was, as I have scene it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe. |

265. *grisly*: grizzled (grissl'd)—Qq.

268. new l. at Perchance—2-5Q. *wake*: walk—Qq. 2-4F.

OF HAMLET

[I. ii. 243-iii. 7

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person, 270
 Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceald this sight;
 Let it bee treble in your silence still:
 And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
 Give it an understanding but no tongue;
 I will requite your loves; so, fare ye well:
 Upon the Platforme twixt eleven and twelve,
 Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.* 280

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
 My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
 I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
 Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in Polonius's bouse.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't; Farewell:
 And Sister, as the Winds give Benefit,
 And Convoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
 But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
 A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature; 10

269. *warrant you it:* warrant it-1Q. 274. *treble:* tenable-QQ.

277. *ye:* you-QQ.

281. *love:* loves-QQ.

8. *favours:* favour-2-5Q.

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Opbel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more:

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare 20
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subject to his Birth:
Hee may not, as unvallued persons doe,
Carve for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Unto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleeeve it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force 30
May give his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chast Treasure open
To his unmastred importunity.
Feare it *Opbelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;

11. *Froward: Forward*-3-4F.

12. *The suppliance: The perfume and suppliance*-2-5Q. *No more: separate l.*-2-5Q. 16. *bis: this*-2-5Q.

20. *feare: will*-2-5Q.

25. *sanctity .. the weole: safety .. this*-2-6Q.; *whole*-2-4F.

30. *peculiar Sect and force: particular act and place*-2-5Q.

38. *witbin: you in*-2-5Q.

Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
 The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough, 40
 If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
 Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
 As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother 50
 Doe not as some ungracious Pastors doe,
 Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heaven;
 Whilst like a puffed and recklesse Libertine
 Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
 A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave. 60

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
 The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
 And these few Precepts in thy memory,
 See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act:
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:

43. *Galls, the: galls the*-2-5Q.

44. *the: then*-2-5Q.

50. *watchmen: watchman*-2-5Q.

55. *reaks: recks*-POPE.

63. *for there: my: for. There; my*-THEOBALD. *you: thee*-QQ.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment 70
 Of each unhatch't, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
 Take each mans censure; but reserve thy judgement:
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
 And they in France of the best ranck and station,
 Are of a most select and generous cheff in that. 80
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 This above all; to thine owne selfe be true:
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave; my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, goe, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Opbelia*, and remember well 90
 What I have said to you.

Opbe. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

Polon. What ist *Opbelia* he hath said to you?

Opbe. So please you, something touching the L. *Ham-*
let. |

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

68. *The*: Those—Qq.

80. *cheff*: chief—Qq.

74. *tbine*: thy—2-5Q.

82. *lone*: loan—2-4F.

Given private time to you; and you your self 99
 Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, as so tis put on me;
 And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
 You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,
 As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
 What is betweene you, give me up the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
 Unsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleeeve his tenders, as you call them? 110

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
 That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
 Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
 Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech, 120
 My Lord, with all the vowes of Heaven.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
 When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
 Gives the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
 Giving more light then heate; extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making;
 You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,

108. *pub:* pooh—COLLIER.

113. *bis:* these—2-5Q.

114. *starling:* sterling—2-5Q.

116. *Roaming:* Running—DYCE.

120-1. *And .. My Lord:* 1 l.; new l. at With—ROWZ. *all the*
vowes: almost all the holy vows—2-5Q.

124. *Gives:* Lende—QQ.

127. *For:* From; *Daughter out*—QQ.

Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*, 130
 Beleeve so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walke,
 Then may be given you. In few, *Opbelia*,
 Doe not beleeve his vowes; for they are Broakers,
 Not of the eye, which their Investments show:
 But meere implorators of unholy Sutes,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leisure, 140
 As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
 Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Opbe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *The platform.*]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
 season, |

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this meane my Lord?

135. *the eye: that dye* (die-2-5Q.)-6Q.

137. *bonds: bawds*-2PORX.

2. *is it: it is*-QQ.

7. *then it: it then*-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[I. iv. 8-36]

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
rouse, | 10

Keepes wassels and the swaggering upspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.
[This heavy headed reveale east and west
Makes us tradust, and taxed of other nations, ^{1 call}
They clip^{1a} us drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their^b ore-grow'th of some complexion
Off breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore leavens
The forme of plausive manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His^c vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale

11. *wassels*: *wassail* (*wassel*)-1Q.

17. *And*: *But*-2-5Q.

19-20. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *clip*: *clepe*-6Q.

^b *their*: *the*-Pope.

^c *His*: *Their*-2Pope.

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.]

Enter Ghost.

20

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death, 30
Have burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jawes,
To cast thee up againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet. 41

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But doe not goe with it.

25. *events*: intents—Qq. 28. *Oh, oh, answer*: O answer—Qq.

36. *Revisits*: Revisit'st—2-4F.

39. *thee; reaches*: the reaches—Qq.

46. *wafts*: waves—Qq.

OF HAMLET

[I. iv. 62-86

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

50

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?

I doe not set my life at a pins fee;

And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?

Being a thing immortall as it selfe:

It waves me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?

Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,

That beetles o're his base into the Sea,

And there assumes some other horrible forme,

Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason, 60

And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

[The very place puts toyes of desperation

Without more motive, into everie braine

That looks so many fadoms to the sea

And heares it rore beneath.]

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artire in this body,

As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerve:

Still am I cal'd? Unband me Gentlemen:

By Heav'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me: 70

I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

49. *will I*: I will (will I—1Q.)—2-5Q.

57. *Sonnet*: summit—Rowe.

59. *assumes*: assume—Qq.

61-2. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

62. *wafts*: waves—2-6Q. new l. at Go—Qq.

64. *band*: hands—2-5Q.

67. *Artire*: artery—6Q.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *Another part of the platform.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further. |

Gbo. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gbo. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gbo. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold. 10

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gbo. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gbo. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word 20
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

23. *knotty:* knotted-QQ.

And each particular haire to stand an end,
 Like Quilles upon the fretfull Porpentine:
 But this eternall blason must not be
 To eares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
 If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven!

Gbo. Revenge his foule and most unnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

31

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
 But this most foule, strange, and unnaturall.

Ham. Hast, hast me to know it,
 That with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
 May sweepe to my Revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
 And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
 That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe, 40
 Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
 It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
 A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
 Is by a forged processe of my death
 Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
 The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
 Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Uncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
 With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts. 50
 Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the power

27. list *Hamlet*, ob: List, list, O-2-5Q. 29. Heaven: God-QQ.

34. Hast, bast me: Haste me-QQ. 34-5. 1 l.-QQ.

40. rots: roots-QQ. 42, 48. mine: my-QQ.

48. new l. at My uncle-Dyce.

49. adulterate: adulterate-2-4F.

50. wits, batb: wit-Pope; with-QQ.

So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
 To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never wil be moved,
 Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heaven: 60
 So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
 Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.
 But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
 Brieft let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
 Upon my secure hower thy Uncle stole
 With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
 The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of Man, 70
 That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
 The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like Aygre¹ droppings into Milke, ^{1 bitter}
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth Body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
 Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;

52. to to: to; this: his-QQ. 3-4F.

59. To those of mine: separate l.-POPE.

62. new l. at And prey-QQ.

63. sent the Mornings: scent-Rowe; the morning-2-5Q.

64. mine: my-QQ.

65. in: of-2-5Q.

68. mine: my-QQ.

72. Allies: alleys-HANMER.

74. Aygre: eager-QQ.

76. bak'd: bark'd-QQ.

80. and: of-QQ.

OF HAMLET

[I. v. 76-107]

Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne, 81
 Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head;
 Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
 Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
 A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
 Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive 90
 Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
 And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
 To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
 The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
 And gins to pale his uneffectuall Fire:
 Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of Heaven! Oh Earth; what els?
 And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
 And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
 But beare me stiffely up: Remember thee? 100
 I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
 In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
 Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
 Ile wipe away all triviall fond Records,
 All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
 That youth and observation coppied there;
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live
 Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
 Unmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heaven:
 Oh most pernicious woman! 110
 Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
 My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,

98. *bold my*: Hold, hold, my-2-4Q.

109. *yes, yes, by*: yes, by-2-5Q. 112. *repeated my Table*: out-QQ.

That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
 Atleast I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke; [*Writing.*]
 So Unckle there you are: now to my word;
 It is; Aduē, Aduē, Remember me: I have sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heaven secure him.

120

Mar. [*Ham.*] So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ist't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reveale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

130

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
 think it? |

But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
 But hee's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
 Grave, to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
 You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
 For every man ha's businesse and desire,
 Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,

140

116. new l. at I have-2-5Q.

136-7. There .. Grave: 1 l.; new l. at To-2-5Q.

Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:

Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere: 150

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is betweene us,

O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,

As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,

Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Botb. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. Infaiht my Lord, not I. 160

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Marcell. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, Indeed.

Gho. Sweare. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene.

Sweare by my sword. 171

Gho. [*Beneath*] Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,

145. *whirling*—QQ.

149. *my Lord*: Horatio—QQ.

160. new l. at My—CAPELL.

166-7. 2 ll. ending truepenny, cellarage—2-5Q.

167. *one*: on—2-5Q. 2-4F.

173. *for*: our—QQ.

And lay your hands againe upon my sword,
Never to speake of this that you have heard:
Swear by my Sword.

Gbo. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast? |

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends. 180

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy But come,

Here as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)

That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase; 191
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: [*They swear.*] so
Gentlemen, |

With all my love I doe commend me to you; 200

179. *ground:* earth-QQ.

184. *our Philosophy:* your philosophy-QQ. *But come:* separate l.
-HANMER.

189. *time:* times-QQ.

190. *or thus:* or this-QQ.

192. *well, we:* Well, well, we-QQ.

192, 193. *and:* an-HANMER. 193. *there might:* they might-QQ.

OF HAMLET

[I. v. 185–II. i. 16

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you,
 God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
 And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 The time is out of joynt: Oh cursed spight,
 That ever I was borne to set it right.
 Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *A room in Polonius' bouse.*]

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe marvels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
 Before you visite him you make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said;

Very well said. Looke you Sir, 10
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
 What company, at what expence: and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
 Then your particular demands will touch it,
 Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 And thus I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?
Reynol. I, very well my Lord. 20

3. *bis*: this–2-5Q.

5. *marvels*: marvellous–4-5Q.

6. *you make inquiry*: to make inquire–2-5Q. 9-10. 11. –2-5Q.

18. *And*: As–Qq.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
 But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
 Addicted so and so; and there put on him
 What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
 But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
 As are Companions noted and most knowne
 To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing, 30
 Quarelling, drabbiug. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
 You must not put another scandall on him,
 That hee is open to Incontinencie;
 That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
 That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
 The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
 A savagenes in unreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord. 40

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
 You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working:
 Marke you your party in converse; him you would
 sound, |
 Having ever scene. In the prenominate crimes,
 The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd

30-1. *I*, .. *Quarelling*: 1 l.; new l. at *Drabbing*-CAPELL.

31. *drabbiug*: *drabbing*-QQ. 2-4F.

42. new l. at *I would*-STEEVENS.

47. *Marke you*: separate l.-MALONE.

39. new l. at *Of*-2-5Q.

44. *warrant*: *wit*-2-5Q.

48. *scene*. *In*: *seen in*-2-5Q.

He closes with you in this consequence: 50
 Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
 According to the Phrase and the Addition,
 Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?
 He does: what was I about to say?
 I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:
 At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry, 60
 He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
 Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
 There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
 There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
 I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
 Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
 And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach
 With windlasses, and with assaies of Bias, 70
 By indirections finde directions out:
 So by my former Lecture and advice
 Shall you my Sonne; you have me, have you not?

Reynol. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

52. *and:* or-2-5Q.

56-7. *say? I: say?* By the mass I-2-5Q.

61. *closes with you thus:* closes thus-2-6Q.

63. *such and such:* such or such-2-5Q.

64. *was be: was a'-*2-5Q. 67. *See you now:* separate l.-CAPELL.

68. *Cape: carp-*2-5Q. 75. *buy you: be wi you-*CAPELL.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord.

Exit. 80

Enter Opbelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now *Opbelia*, what's the matter?

Opbe. Alas my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Opbe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
 Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 Ungartred, and downe gived to his Anckle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other, 90
 And with a looke so pitious in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love?

Opbe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Opbe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
 And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
 He fals to such perusall of my face, 100
 As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
 At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
 And thrice his head thus waving up and downe;
 He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
 That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
 And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,

82-3. 1 l.-2-5Q.

85. *Heaven:* God-QQ.

87. *Lord:* Princes-Q. (1676).

95. new l. at But-2-5Q.

84. *Alas my:* O, my-QQ.

86. *Chamber:* closet-2-5Q.

89. *gived:* gyved-2-3Q. 2-4F.

105. *That:* As-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[II. i. 97-119]

And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
 He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
 For out adores he went without their helpe;
 And to the last, bended their light on me. 110

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extasie of Love,
 Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
 And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under Heaven,
 That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
 What have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
 I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
 His accesse to me. 120

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorrie that with better speed and judgement
 I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
 And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my jealousy:
 It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
 To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
 As it is common for the yonger sort
 To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
 This must be knowne, which being kept close might move
 More greefe to hide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.* 130

107. *shoulders*: shoulder-2-3Q.

109. *adores*: o' doors-THEOBALD. *helpe*: helps-2-5Q.

111. *Goe*: Come, go-2-5Q.

122. *speed*: heed-2-5Q.

123. *feare*: fear'd-2-5Q.

124. *wracke*: wreck-2-THEOBALD.

125. *It seemes it*: By heaven it-2-5Q.

Scena Secunda.[*A room in the castle.*]*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guilden-sterne Cumalijs [with Attendants].*

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrane* and *Guildensterne*.
 Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
 The neede we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hastie sending. Something have you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
 Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should bee 10
 More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
 I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young dayes brought up with him:
 And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time: so by your Companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
 [Whether ought to us unknowne afflicts him thus,]
 That open'd lies within our remedie. 20

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
 And sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much Gentry, and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a-while,
 For the supply and profit of our Hope,

2. *Rosincrane: Rosencrantz-THEOBALD.*8. *so I call: so call-2-5Q.*9. *Since not: Sith nor-2-5Q.*15. *sith: sith-2-5Q. humour: haviour-2-5Q.*19. *Occasions: occasion-2-5Q.*

19-20. bracketed l.-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[II. ii. 25-48

Your Visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of us, 30
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosincrance*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne. 40

Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule, 51

Both to my God, one to my gracious King:

And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine

Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure

As I have us'd to do: that I have found

33. *We:* But we-2-5Q.

35. *Services:* service-2-5Q.

40-1. I l.-2-5Q.

41. *ye:* you-2-5Q.

42. *the:* these-2-5Q.

45. *Amen:* Ay, amen (I)-2-5Q.

50. *Assure you, my:* I assure my-2-5Q.

52. *one:* and-2-5Q.

55. *I have:* it hath-2-5Q.

The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius.*] 60

He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd 70
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeved,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Unkle, never more
To give th' assay of Armes against your Majestic.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, 80
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers

57. *I do:* do I—2-5Q.

59. *the Newes:* the fruit—2-5Q.

61. *sweet Queene, that:* dear Gertrude—2-3Q.

65, 67. *Voltumand:* Voltimand—2-4F.

66. *Welcome good:* Welcome, my good—2-5Q.

71, 83. *Poleak:* Polack—QQ.

[II. ii. 75-102]

[Giving a paper.]

King. It likes us well:

Exit Ambass.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

110

95. *very*: out-2-5Q.

” ” ”

For this effect defective, comes by cause,
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
 I have a daughter: have, whil'st she is mine,
 Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
 Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads*]

The Letter.

119

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beauti-
 fied O- | phelia.*

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
 Phrase: but you shall heare these [*Reads*] in her excel-
 lent white | bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

[*Reads*]

*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
 Doubt, that the Sunne doth move:
 Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
 But never Doubt, I love.*

130

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not
 Art to | reckon my grones; but that I love thee best, ob
 most Best be- | leeve it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore most deere Lady, whilst this
 Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
 And more above hath his soliciting,
 As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
 All given to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love? 140

115. *Perpend*: separate l.-2-5Q.

116. *whil'st*: while-2-5Q.

123-4. *beare these in .. these*: hear. Thus: In .. these, etc.—GLOBE.

136. *shew'd*: shown-2-5Q.

137. *soliciting*: solicitings-2-5Q.

140. new l. at Received—CAPELL.

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine prove so. But what might you think?
 When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
 As I perceived it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me, what might you
 Or my deere Majestie your Queene heere, think,
 If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
 Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight, 150
 What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
 And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
 This must not be: and then, I Precepts gave her,
 That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens:
 Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Advice,
 And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
 Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse, 160
 Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
 Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,
 And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
 That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know. 169

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulders*] Take this
 from this; if this be otherwise, |

154. *Precepts*: prescripts-2-5Q.

158. *repulsed*. *A*: repulsed-a-Dyce.

162. *whereon*: wherein-2-5Q.

163. *waile*: mourn-2-5Q.

164. *'tis this*: 'tis out-2-5Q.

If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeede.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then, 180
Marke the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.* 190
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

175-8. 2 ll. ending together, indeed-QQ.

178. *ba's:* does-2-5Q.

184. *And:* But-2-5Q.

187-8. 1 l.-2-5Q. 190-1. *Ile .. leave:* 1 l.; new l. at How-2-5Q.

194. repeated *excellent* out-2-5Q.

199. *two:* ten-2-5Q.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord. 200

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion —

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend
looke too't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping
on my daugh- | ter: yet he knew me not at first; he
said I was a Fishmon- | ger: he is farre gone, farre gone:
and truly in my youth, | I suffred much extreamity for
love: very neere this. Ile | speake to him againe. What
do you read my Lord? | 212

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slave saies here,
that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
kled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleeeve; yet I holde it
not Honestie to have it thus set downe: For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward. 225

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madnesse,

201-3. prose-2-5Q.

202. good: god-HANMER.

216. matter you meane: matter that you read-2-5Q.

217. slave: rogue-2-5Q.

219. or: and-2-5Q.

220. locke: lack-2-5Q. 221. with weake: with most weak-2-5Q.

223. For you: you out-2-5Q.

224. should be old: shall grow old-2-5Q. 226-8. prose-2-5Q.

Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre: [*Aside*] 230

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A happinesse,

That often Madnesse hits on,

Which Reason and Sanitie could not

So prosperously be deliver'd of.

I will leave him,

And sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting

Betweene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you. 240

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there
hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. [*To Polon.*] God save you Sir. [*Exit Polon.*]

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord? 250

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou
Guildensterne? Oh, *Rosincran*; good Lads: How doe ye
both?

230-40. prose-2-5Q.

242-3. *life, my life*: life, except my life, except my life-2-5Q.

244. *my Lord*: the Lord-2-5Q.

248. *Rosincran*: *Rosincrantz*-Rowe. 250. *Mine*: *My*-2-5Q.

253. *Ok*: *Ah*-6Q.

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour? 261

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither? 270

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord,

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. 280

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the

256-7. 2 ll. ending happy, button—HANMER.

261. *favour*: *favours*—POPE.

very substance of the Ambitious, is meereley the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow. 289

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at *Elsonower*? 300

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe peny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale justly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties have not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord? 312

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

300. *Elsonower*: Elsinore—MALONE.

309. *kinde confession*: kind of confession—2-5Q.

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me | hold not off. 321

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brave ore-hanging, this Majesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so. 340

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service. 348

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his

324. *of your: and your*—2-5Q.

325. *Queene: moult: colon out*—2-5Q.

326-7. *exercise: exercises*—2-5Q. 327. *heavenly: heavily*—2-5Q.

330. *ore-banging, this: o'erhanging firmament, this*—2-5Q.

343. *laugh, when: laugh, then, when*—2-5Q.

Majesty shall have Tribute of mee: the adventurous Knight shal use his Foyle and Target: the Lover shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes. 361

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty? 367

Rosin. Nay, their indeavour keepe in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come hither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Wri-

354. *tickled a'th'*: tickle o'the-CLAR. PRESS.

366. *they are*: are they-2-5Q.

369-70. *ayrie .. Yases: aieri .. eyases*-THEOBALD.

372. *be-ratled*: berattle-3-4F. 379. *like most*: most like-POPE.

ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession. 381

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffles in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away? 390

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Unckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish [of trumpets] for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players. 399

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Unckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

392. *not strange*: not very strange-2-5Q.

394. *forty, an*: forty, fifty, an-2-5Q.

395. *There*: 'Sblood, there-2-5Q.

401. *come*: come then-2-5Q.

402. *the*: this-2-5Q.

Enter Polonius.

410

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.*Ham.* Hearke you *Guildesterne*, and you too: at each care a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.*Rosin.* Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.*Ham.* I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.*Pol.* My Lord, I have Newes to tell you. 420*Ham.* My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome ———*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.*Ham.* Buzze, buzze.*Pol.* Upon mine Honor.*Ham.* Then can each Actor on his Asse ———*Polon.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastorically-Comically-Historically-Pastorall: Tragically-Historically: Tragically-Comically-Historically-Pastorall: Scene indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men. 433*Ham.* O *Jephtha* Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st | thou?*Pol.* What a Treasure had he, my Lord?*Ham.* Why one faire Daughter, and no more,414. *swatbing*: *swaddling*-QQ.418. *for a*: o'-CAPELL.422. *Rossius*: *Roscius*-2-4F. *an*: *was*-QQ.425. *mine*: *my*-2-5Q.426. *can*: *came*-2-5Q.430. *indivible*: *individable*-2-5Q.434. *Jephtha*: *Jephthah*, and so throughout-GLOBE.437-8. *Why*: separate l.; *one faire*, etc.: 2 ll. verse-CAPELL.

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right old *Jephta*? 440

Polon. If you call me *Jephta* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players. 449

Y' are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heaven then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of uncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne | to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l | have a Speech straight. Come give us a tast of your qua- | lity: come, a passionate speech. 460

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviarie* to the

445-6. *Why*: separate l.; *As by lot, God wot*: 1 l. verse—MALONE. and then you know: separate l.; *It came .. was*: 1 l. verse; new l. at The-Pore.

447. *Pons*: plous—2-5Q.

448. *Abridgements come*: Abridgement comes—QQ.

452. *valiant*: valanced—QQ. 454. *Heaven*: to heaven—2-5Q.

461. *my Lord*: my good lord—QQ.

Generall: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method [as wholesome as sweete, & by very | much, more handsome then fine:]. One | cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale | to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks | of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at | this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrbus* like | th' *Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrbus* |

The rugged *Pyrrbus*, he whose Sable Armes
 Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, 479
 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
 With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
 To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrbus*
 Old Grandsire *Priam* seeks. 489
 [So proceede you.]

466. judgement: judgements—QQ. 469. was: were—2-5Q.

471. bracketed ll.—2-5Q. 472. cheefe Speech: cheefe out—2-5Q.

475-6. The rugged .. Beast: separate l.—CAPELL.

482. to take Geulles: total gules—2-5Q.

485. and damned: and a damned—2-5Q.

486. vilde Murthers: lord's murder (murther)—2-5Q.

489-90. bracketed l.—2-5Q. (So goe on—1Q.)

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: unequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoores to his Bace, and with a hideous crash 500
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to stiecke:
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause, 510
Arownd Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,

493. *anticke*: antique—*Popz.*

495. *match*: match'd (matcht)—2-5Q. 499. *bis*: this—2-5Q.

503. *stiecke*: stick—2-5Q. 505. *did nothing*: separate l.—2-5Q.

510. *Region*. So: region, so—2-5Q.

513. *Mars bis*: Mars's (Marses)—2-5Q. 518. *Fallies*: fellies—4F.

And boule the round Nave downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends. 520

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot up and downe,

Threatning the flame

With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head, 530

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,

A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught up.

Who this had scene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,

'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd?

But if the Gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,

The instant Burst of Clamour that she made

(Unlesse things mortall move them not at all) 540

Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heaven,

And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well us'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After

525. *inobled*: mobled—Qq. 2-4F.

527. *Inobled*: mobled—Qq. 2-4F.

528-9. 1 l.—Qq.

529. *flame*: flames—2-5Q. 530. *about*: upon (on—1Q.)—2-5Q.

543. *where*: whether—MALONE. 548. *Abstracts*: abstract—2-5Q.

your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you lived. 550

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Use everie man
after his desert, and who should scape whipping: use
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserve, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polon.

[*with all Players but First*].

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow.
Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of *Gonzago*? 561

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good Friends,
Ile leave you til night | you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt. 570

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: [*Exit Ros. and Guil.*]
Now I am alone. |

Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?

Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,

But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,

550. *lived*: live—2Q. 553. *man, better*: man much better—2-5Q.

554. *should*: shall—2-5Q.

565. *ye*: you—2-5Q.

572. *buy'ye*: be wi'ye—CAPELL.

575. *Fixion*: fiction—2-4F.6Q.

Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
 Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
 A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
 With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
 For *Hecuba*? 581
 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
 Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
 That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
 And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech:
 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake 590
 Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
 Upon whose property, and most deere life,
 A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
 Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
 Tweakes me by'th' Nose? gives me the Lye i'th' Throate,
 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall 600
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slaves Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!

576. *whole*: own-2-5Q.577. *warm'd*: wann'd-2-5Q.587. *apale*: appall-Rowe.589. *faculty*: faculties-QQ. *Yet I*: separate l.-JOHNSON.599. *Ha?*: separate l.-STEEVENS (1793). *Why I*: 'Swounds I-QQ.603. *a*: out-2-5Q.



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

The New Place Museum, a house once occupied by Shakespeare's granddaughter, Mrs. Nash. It adjoins the site of the poet's last residence, New Place, built by Sir Hugh Clopton more than a hundred years before it was bought by Shakespeare in 1597. Only the foundations now remain

Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab, 610

A Scullion? Fye upon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scène,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile have these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Unkle. Ile observe his lookes,
Ile tent¹ him to the quicke: If he but blench 620
I know my course. The Spirit that I have seene
May be the Divell, and the Divel hath power ¹probe
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile have grounds
More Relative then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

[Act III. Scene i. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:

606. *Who: Why*—2-5Q. *I sure:* out—2-5Q.

607. *the Deere:* a dear father—4-5Q.

611-12. *A Scullion:* separate l.—CAPELL. *Fye .. beard:* 1 l.—CAPELL.

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe: 10
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receive you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought¹ on the way: of these we told him, 20
And there did seeme in him a kinde of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order ¹overtook
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Majesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on 30
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father. and my selfe (lawful espials)

18. new l. at To-CAPELL.

20. wrought: raught-2-5Q.

29-31. 3 ll. ending inclined, edge, delights-Pope.

35. there: here-2-5Q. 36. Affront *Ophelia*: separate l.-JOHNSON.

Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unscene
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him, as he is behaved,
 If't be th'affliction of his love, or no. 40
 That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
 And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
 That your good Beauties be the happy cause
 Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
 Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
 To both your Honors.

Opbe. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
 We will bestow our selves: [*To Ophelia*] Read on
 this booke, | 50

That shew of such an exercise may colour
 Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
 And pious Action, we do surge o're
 The divell himselfe.

King. [*Aside*] Oh 'tis true:
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience?
 The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 Then is my deede, to my most painted word. 60
 Oh heavic burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt [*King and Pol.*].

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,

49. ye: you-2-5Q.

54. surge: sugar-2-5Q.

56. 'tis true: 'tis too true-2-5Q.

Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end 70
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shooke
 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 When we have shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
 Must give us pawse. There's the respect
 That makes Calamity of so long life:
 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely, 80
 The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
 No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
 And makes us rather beare those illes we have, 90
 Then flye to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the Native hew of Resolution
 Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Opbelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons

76. *shuffel'd*: shuffled-3-4F.85. *these*: out-2-5Q.95. *pith*: pitch-2-5Q.80. *poore*: proud-2-5Q.88. *Borne*: bourn-CAPELL.96. *away*: awry-2-5Q.

Be all my sinnes remembred.

Opbe. Good my Lord, 100

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Opbe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Opbe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde 110
Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Opbe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Opbe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Opbe. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Commerce
then your Honestie? 120

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likeness.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
prooffe. I did love you once.

Opbe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeve so.

Ham. You should not have beleeved me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loved you not.

106. *No, no:* No, not 1-2-5Q.; separate l.—CAPELL.

107. *I know:* you know-2-5Q. 109. *rich, then:* rich; their-2-5Q.

120. *then your:* than with-2-5Q.

Opbe. I was the more deceived. 130

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, revengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, beleve none of us. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father? 140

Opbe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Opbe. O helpe him, you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou doest Marry, Ile give thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell. 151

Opbe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Mariages. Those that are

136. *in imagination*: in, imagination-2-5Q.

138. *Heaven and Earib*: earth and heaven-2-5Q.

143. *way*: where-2-5Q.

153. *pratlings*: paintings-2Q.

154. *bas*: hath-2-5Q. *pace*: face-2Q. *your selfe*: yourselves-5Q.

155. *gidge*: jig-2Q.

married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.* 160

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-thrownne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe.
Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Sovereigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, 171
T'have seene what I have seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quicke determination 180
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Objects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleeve
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe

166. *Have I:* And 1-2-5Q.

179. *which to:* which for to-2-5Q.

189. *this: his:* his-2-3Q.

Sprung from neglected love. How now *Opbelia*? 190
 You neede not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
 And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
 Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
 To England send him: Or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so: 200
 Madnesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *A ball in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
 as many of your Players do, I had as live the Town-Cryer
 had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
 your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the verie Tor-
 rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
 Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
 may give it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
 to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-
 on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
 Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
 nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
 have such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you avoid it. 15

195. *Greefes:* grief-2-5Q.

5. *bad:* out-2-5Q.

5-6. *much your:* much with your-2-5Q.

7-8. *of Passion;* of your passion-2-5Q.

10. *see:* hear-QQ.

13. *could:* would-QQ.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardie off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Judicious greeve; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir. 38

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that uses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

20. ore-stop: o'erstep-2-4Q.

28-9. o're-way: o'erweigh (ore-)-2-5Q.

33. or Norman: nor man-2-5Q.

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently. 50

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as just a man
As ere my Conversation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

60

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revennew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing. 70
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,

48-9. 1 l.—POPE.

66. *faining*: fawning—2-5Q.

72. *Hath*: *Hast*—2-5Q.

64. *tongue, like*: tongue lick—2-5Q.

67. *my*: her—2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[III. ii. 77-102]

That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
 In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a Play to night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance 80
 Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
 I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
 Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
 Observe mine Unkle: If his occulted guilt,
 Do not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have scene:
 And my Imaginations are as foule
 As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his Face:
 And after we will both our judgements joyne, 90
 To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.

If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
 Guildensterne, and other Lords attendant, with
 his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
 March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.¹
 Get you a place. ^{1 seem empty-headed} 100

King. How fares our Cosin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
 the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these
 words are not mine.

83. *my:* thy-2-5Q.

88. *Stybe:* stithy-2-5Q.

91. *To:* In-2-5Q.

Ham. No, nor mine. [*To Polon.*] Now my Lord, you plaid once | i'th' University, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact? 110

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitoll:
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

[*Lying down at Opbelia's feet.*]

Opbe. No my Lord. 120

Ham. I meane, my Head upon your Lap?

Opbe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Opbe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maid's legs

Opbe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Opbe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Opbe. I my Lord. 130

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

106. *mine. Now my: mine now. My-Johnson.*

108. *I did: did I (I did-1Q.)-2-5Q.*

110. *And what: And out-QQ. 116. good: dear-2-5Q.*

117. *Mettle: metal-Rowe. 133. witbin's: within these-1Q.*



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

Entrance to the New Place Museum, where relics of the poet are kept as close as can be to the spot where he died. New Place had been rebuilt by Sir John Clopton, but it was razed to the ground by a later owner in 1759

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile have a suite of Sables. Oh Heavens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose Epitaphis, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot. 142

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

*Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embrac-
ing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Pro-
testation unto him. He takes her up, and declines
his head upon her neck. Layes him downe upon a
Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaves
him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne,
kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and
Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and
makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two
or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament
with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poy-
soner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath
and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his
love. Exeunt*

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicbo, that meanes
Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the
Play? 160

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

146. declines: misprint 1F. 157. that: it (that-1Q.)-2-5Q.

161. these Fellowes: this fellow-QQ.

Opbe. Will they tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Opbe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedie, 170
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your bearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Opbe. 'Tis brieft my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter [Players] King and his Queene.

[*P.*] *King.* Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round, |

Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
 And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
 About the World have times twelve thirties beene,
 Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands 181
 Unite comutually, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. [*P. Queen*] So many journies may the Sunne and Moone |

Make us againe count o're, ere love be done.
 But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
 So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
 That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
 Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
 For womens Feare and Love, holds quantitie,
 In neither ought, or in extremity: 190
 Now what my love is, prooffe hath made you know,
 And as my Love is siz'd, my Feare is so.

163. *they:* he-Pope.

186. *forme:* former-2-4F.

[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great love growes there.]

King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst, 200
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleeve you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie: 210
Which now like Fruite unripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Joy,
Their owne enactors with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most Revels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe joyes, Joy greeves on slender accident. 220
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

192-3. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

194. my: their—2-5Q.

196. period out—Rowe.

207. you. *Think: you think*—2-5Q.

217. other: either—2-5Q.

218. enactors: enactures—2-5Q.

That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
 The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies,
 The poore advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
 And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lacke a Friend:
 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his Enemie. 230
 But orderly to end, where I begun,
 Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
 That our Devices still are overthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
 So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
 Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
 [To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 And^a Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,]
 Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy: 240
 Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne:
 Sweet, leave me heere a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
 And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exit*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play? 250

225. *favourites*: favourite-2-5Q.3-4F.

237. *give me*: me give-2-5Q.

238-9. ^abracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *And*: An-THEOBALD.

244-5. 11.-Q2.

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no Offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically: This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knavish peece of worke: But what o'that? Your Majestie, and wee that have free soules, it touches us not: let the gall d jade winch: our withers are unrunng.

Enter Lucianus. 264

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Opbe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love: if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Opbe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge. 271

Opbe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

251. *protests*: doth protest (*protests*-1Q.)-2-5Q.

263. *winch*: wince-1Q. *unrung*: unwrung-3-4F.4-5Q.

266. *are a good*: are as good as a-2Q.

273. *mistake*: must take your-1Q.

273. *prosc*-2-5Q.

277-8. 1 l.-2Q.

Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
 Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
 With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected, 281
 Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
 On wholesome life, usurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His
 name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
 Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
 love of *Gonzago's* wife.

Opbe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire. 290

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
 The Hart ungalled play:
 For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
 So runnes the world away. 299
 Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
 my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinciaall
 Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
 of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
 For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
 This Realme dismantled was of Iove himselfe,
 And now reignes heere.
 A verie verie Pajocke.

307-8. new l. at Of, ending here-2-5Q.

Hora. You might have Rim'd. 310

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for
a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musicke. Come the Record-
ers: |

For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.

Come some Musicke. 320

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more ri-
cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him
to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre
more Choller. 331

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affli-
ction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-

317. *Ob.* Ah-2-5Q.

329. *bis Doctor: the Doctor*-2-5Q.

some answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse. 342

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gnild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits diseas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration. 350

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration? [*Impart.*]

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend. 362

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

344. *Gnild.*: misprint 1F.

346. *answers*: answer-2-5Q.

347. *rather you*: rather as you-2-5Q.

353. [*Impart.*]-2-5Q.

361. *freely* .. *of*: surely .. upon-Pope.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle? 371

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord. 380

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: governe these Ventiges with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of hermony, I have not the skill. 386

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you Sir. 396

369. *Recorder: recorders*—2-5Q. *see, to: see one.* To—2-5Q. punctuation—POPE. 381. 'Tis: It is—2-5Q.

383. *excellent: eloquent* (delicate—1Q.)—2-5Q.

393. *it. Why .. that: it speak.* 'Sblood; *that* out—2-5Q.

395. *me, you: me, yet you*—1Q.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell. 401

Polon. By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so. *Exit.* 410

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends:
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but use none: 420
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them Seales, never my Soule consent.

400. *that*: yonder-QQ.

402. *Misse*: *mass*-2-5Q. *it's*: 'tis-QQ.

407. *will* I: I will-QQ.

422. *somever*: *soever*-6Q.

401. *like*: *of*-QQ.

407-9. *prose*-POPE.

[Scene iii. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is 10
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your Majestie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests
The lives of many, the cease of Majestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele 20
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put upon this feare,

7. *dangerous*: near us (neer's-2-5Q.)-6Q. 13-14. 11.-2-5Q.

17. *spirit*: weale-2-5Q. *depends and rests*: depend and rest-HAN-
MER.

21. *Somnet*: summit-Rowe.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us.

Exeunt Gent. 30

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
 Behinde the Arras Ile convey my selfe
 To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
 And as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
 Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
 The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
 Ile call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know. 40

King. Thanks deere my Lord. [*Exit Polonius.*]
 Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
 It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
 A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
 My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
 And like a man to double businesse bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
 Where thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood, 50
 Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heavens
 To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of Offence?
 And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke up,
 My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
 Can serve my turne? Forgive me my foule Murther:
 That cannot be, since I am still possest
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther. 60
 My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:

May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currants of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice,
 And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? What rests? 70
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
 Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
 Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
 Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
 All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heaven, 81
 And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd,
 A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
 I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
 To heaven. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
 And how his Audit stands, who knowes, save Heaven:
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heavie with him: and am I then reveng'd, 90
 To take him in the purging of his Soule,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

84. *foule*: *sole*-2-5Q.85. *To heaven*: *separate* l.-2-5Q.87. *freib*: *flush*-2-5Q.92. *No*: *separate* l.-2-5Q.

Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent¹
 When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage, ^{1 course}
 Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
 That ha's no rellish of Salvation in't,
 Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heaven,
 And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes, 100
 This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. [*Rising*] My words flye up, my thoughts re-
 main below, |
 Words without thoughts, never to Heaven go. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *The Queen's closet.*]

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
 Looke you lay home to him,
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to beare with,
 And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stooode betweene
 Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
 Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
 Withdraw, I heare him comming. 10
 [*Polonius bides behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

99. *aud.*: misprint Fr. 2-3. 1 l.-2-5Q. 5. *scree'nd*: *screen'd*-4F.

6. *silence*: *sconce*-WARRBURTON.

8-10. 2 ll. ending you, coming-HANMER.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so: 20

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,

But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge:

You go not till I set you up a glasse,

Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. [*Bebind*] What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe. 30

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead. | [*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Bebind*] Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell, 40

I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

16. an idle: a wicked-2-5Q.

22. you: it-2-5Q.

34. new l. at Is-CAPELL.

41. Betters: better-QQ.

If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
 If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
 That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
 In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act 50

That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
 Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
 And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
 As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
 As from the body of Contraction pluckes
 The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
 A rapsidie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
 Yea this solidity and compound masse,
 With tristfull visage as against the doome, 60
 Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders
 in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
 See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Jove himselfe,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
 A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill: 70
 A Combination, and a forme indeed,
 Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your Husband, Looke you now what followes.
 Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd care

46. *braz's'd*: *brass'd* (*bras'd*)—2-5Q.

54. *makes*: *sets*—2-5Q.

66. *bis*: *this*—2-5Q.

47. *is*: *be*—2-5Q.

62-3. new l. at *That*—2-5Q.

68. *or*: *and*—2-5Q.

Blasting his wholsom breath. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
 And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, 80
 And waites upon the Judgement: and what Judgement
 Would step from this, to this? [Sence sure you have
 Els could you not have motion, but sure that sence
 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
 Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choise
 To serve in such a difference.] What divell was't, |
 That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
 [Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight.
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance^a all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sence
 Could not so mope.]
 O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
 When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
 Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth burne,
 As Reason panders Will. 90

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
 And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
 As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the ranke sweat of an enseamed¹ bed, ¹defiled
 Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love

76. *breath*: brother-2-5Q.

83-4. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

88. *Ardure*: ardour-POPE.

82. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *sance*: sane-6Q.

90. *As*: And-2-5Q.

Over the nasty Styë.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares. 100
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth patt the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice¹ of Kings, ¹*buffoon*
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches. 110
Save me; and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule, 120
Conceit² in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*. ²*imagining*

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,

100. *mine*: my-2-5Q.

103. *patt*: part-2-5Q.2-4F.

112. *you*: your-2-5Q.

116. *Ob say*: separate l.-THEOBALD.

125. *you bend*: you do bend (thus you bend-1Q.)-2-5Q.

126. *their corporall*: the incorporal-2-5Q.

And as the sleeping Soldiours in th' Alarme,
 Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
 Start up, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne, 130
 Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
 His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capeable. Do not looke upon me,
 Least with this pitteous action you convert
 My sterne effects: then what I have to do,
 Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? 140

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
 My Father in his habite, as he lived,
 Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
 This bodillesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time, 150
 And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
 That I have uttered; bring me to the Test
 And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
 Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
 Lay not a flattering Uncction to your soule,
 That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
 It will but skin and filme the Ulcerous place,
 Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,

139. *vbo*: whom-2-4F.2-5Q.

147-9. 3 ll. ending Brain, ecstasy, in. Ecstasy-*Porx.*

155. *a*: that-2-5Q.

158. *Whil'st*: Whiles-2-5Q.

Infests unscene. Confesse your selfe to Heaven,
 Repent what's past, avoyd what is to come, 160
 And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
 To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
 For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
 Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
 Yea courb, and woe,¹ for leave to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*, ^{1 bend and plead}
 Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other halfe.
 Good night, but go not to mine Unkles bed, 170
 Assume a Vertue, if you have it not,
 [That monster custome, who all sense doth eate
 Of habits devill, is angell yet in this
 That to the use of actions faire and good,
 He likewise gives a frock or Livery
 That aptly is put on] refraine to night, |
 And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
 To the next abstinence. [the next more easie:
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either^b the devill, or throwe him out
 With wondrous potency:] Once more goodnight, |
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]
 I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well

161. *or:* on-2-5Q.162. *ranke:* ranker-2-5Q.163. *this:* these-2-4F.2-5Q.

166-7. 11.-2-5Q.

171. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

173. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^b *either the:* either ... the-CAMBRIDGE.

The death I gave him: so againe, good night. 180
 I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.
 [One word more good Lady.]

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
 Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
 Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,
 And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
 Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
 Make you to ravell all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madnesse, 190
 But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
 Would from a Paddocke,¹ from a Bat, a Gibbe,²
 Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
 No in despite of Sense and Secrecie, ^{1 toad}
 Unpegge the Basket on the houses top: ^{2 cat}
 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
 To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life: I have no life to breath 201
 What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. [Ther's letters scald, and my two Schoole-
 fellowes, |
 Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
 They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way

182-3. bracketed words-2-5Q.

185. *blunt*: bloat (blowt-2-5Q.)-WARBURTON.

191. *made*: mad-2-4F. 2-5Q. 203-4. 2 five-accent ll.-CAPELL.

205. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

And marshall me to knavery: let it worke,
 For tis the sport to have the enginer
 Hoist with his owne petar, an't^e shall goe hard
 But I will delve one yard belowe their mines,
 And blowe them at the moone: O tis most sweete
 When in one line two crafts directly meete,]
 This man shall set me packing: |
 Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
 Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
 Come sir, to draw toward an end with you. 210
 Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

[Act IV. Scene i. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King. [Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

King. There's matters in these sighes.
 These profound heaves
 You must translate; Tis fit we understand them.
 Where is your Sonne? [Bestow this place on us a little
 while.] | [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]
Qu. Ah my good Lord, what have I seene to night?
King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?
Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
 Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
 Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre, 10
 He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,

a. an't: and't-THEOBALD.

2-3. 1 l.-2-5Q.

6. my good: mine own-2-5Q.

11. He whips .. Rapier out, and cries: Whips out his Rapier,
 cries-2-5Q.

2. matters: matter-2-5Q.

5-6. bracketed 11.-2-5Q.

8. Seas: sea-QQ.

And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed:

It had bin so with us had we beene there:

His Liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your selfe, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?

It will be laide to us, whose providence ¹*public places*

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,¹ 20

This mad yong man. But so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit,

But like the Owner of a foule disease,

To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,

O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare

Among a Minerall of Mettels base

Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:

30

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,

But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,

We must with all our Majesty and Skill

Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Ho *Guildestern*:

Friends both go joyne you with some further ayde:

Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,

And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call up our wisest friends, 41

To let them know both what we meane to do,

12. *bis*: this-2-5Q. 24. *let's*: let-2-5Q. 34-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

38. *Mother Clossets*: mother's closet-2-5Q. 2-4F.

42. *To*: And-2-5Q.

And what's untimely done. [Whose whisper ore the
 worlds dyameter, |
 As levell as the Cannon to his blanck¹ ^{1 mark}
 Transports his poyaned shot may misse our Name,
 And hit the woundlesse ayre.] Oh come away, |
 My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. [*Ros.* } *Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.*
 Guil. }

Ham. What noise? Who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeve it. 10

Rosin. Beleeeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
 owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
 plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes up the Kings Countenance, his
 Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
 best service in the end. He keeps them like an Ape in
 the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
 when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but squee-
 zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe. 21

43. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

43. *done: done* ...-CAMBRIDGE.

4. *Wat: But soft, what*-2-3Q.

4-5. 1 l.-2-3Q.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Exeunt 31

[Scene iii. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter King. [*Attended.*]

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and even,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne, 10
By desperate appliance are releev'd,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildensterne*? Bring in my Lord. 20

8. *neerer: never-2-5Q.*

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine convocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's the end. 30

[*King.* Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a king, & | eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.]

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Att.*] 40

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely greeve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

26. of wormes: of politic worms—Qq.

28. our selfe: ourselves—2-4F. 2-5Q.

29. to dishes: two dishes—2-4F. Qq.

37. not this: not within this—2-5Q.

41. of thine: out—2-5Q.

30-1. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

40. ye: you—Qq.

With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

50

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night.

60

Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done

That else leanes on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us; thou maist not coldly set
Our Sovereigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect

The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England, 70

For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,

How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

46. at bent: is bent-2-5Q.

52. see's him: sees them-2-5Q.

58-9. 1 l.-Rowe.

69. conjuring: congruing-2-5Q.

[Scene iv. *A plain in Denmark.*]*Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
 Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
 Claimes the conveyance of a promis'd March
 Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendevous:
 If that his Majesty would ought with us,
 We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Exit. 10

[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*][*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.*]

[*Ham.* Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
 Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,¹
 We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
 That hath in it no profit but the name ¹*exaggeration*
 To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
 Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
 A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets

4. *Claimes*: *Craves*—2-5Q. 5. *Rendevous*: *rendezvous*—4-6Q.

10. *safely*: *softly*—2-5Q. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

Will not debate the question of this straw*
 This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you^b sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

How all occasions doe informe against me,
 And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capabilitie and god-like reason
 To fust in us unusd, now whether it be
 Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortall, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 When honour's at the stake, how stand I then

* colon after straw—CAPELL.

^b buy you: be wi'you—CAPELL

That have a father kild, a mother staind,
 Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the staine, ô from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.]

[Scene v. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*]

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
 will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
 There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurnes enviously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
 That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move 10
 The hearers to Collection;¹ they ayme at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
 Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. ¹*inference*

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
 For she may strew dangerous conjectures
 In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

3-4. new l. at Her-CAPELL.

14. *would*: might-2-5Q.

16-18. 3 ll. ending strew, minds, in-COLLIER.

To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
 Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse, 20
 So full of Artlesse jealousie is guilt,
 It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter [Horatio with] Ophelia distracted.

Opbe. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Opbe. [Sings] *How shoud I your true love know
 from another one?* |

By bis Cockle bat and staffe, and bis Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Opbe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

[Sings] *He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and
 gone,* | 30

At bis head a grasse-greene Turfe, at bis beeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu Nay but *Ophelia*.

Opbe. Pray you marke.

[Sings] *White bis Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.*

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Opbe. [Sings] *Larded with sweet flowers:
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,
 With true-love showres.*

King. How do ye, pretty Lady? 40

Opbe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
 a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
 know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

26. *shoud*: should-2-4F.2-5Q.

26-7. 4 ll. ending know, one, staff, shoone-CAPELL.

30-1. 4 ll. ending lady, gone, turf, stone-CAPELL.

31. Oh, oh! added (*O bo-QQ.*)-CAPELL. 40. *ye*: you-2-5Q.

41. *God dil'd*: God'ild-CAPELL.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this: [*Sings*]
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt¹ the chamber dore, | ¹ *opened*
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia. 51

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

[*Sings*] *By gis, and by S. Charity,*
Alacke, and fie for shame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou badst not come to my bed. 60

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,
 Give her good watch I pray you: [*Exit Horatio.*]
 Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs 70
 All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
 When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,

47-8. 4 ll. ending day, betime, window, Valentine-QQ.

49-50. 4 ll. ending clothes, door, maid, more-1Q. JOHNSON.

60. *And:* AN-HANMER.

61. *this:* thus-2-4F. 2-5Q.

68-9. 1 l. -2-5Q.

But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slaine,
 Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
 Of his owne just remove: the people muddied,
 Thicke and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
 For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly
 In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Opbelia*
 Divided from her selfe, and her faire Judgement,
 Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these, 81
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,
 Keepes on his wonder, keepest himselfe in clouds,
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
 With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
 Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
 Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
 In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
 Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
 Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.* 90

Enter a Messenger [Gentleman].

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes. [Gent.] Save your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
 Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
 Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
 Ore-bearers your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to begin, 100
 Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

73. *Battaliaes*: battalions-2-5Q.

83. *Keepest*: Feeds-2-5Q.

87. *persons*: person-2-5Q.

93-5. 2 five-accent ll.-2-5Q.

97. *impittious*: impetuous-4-5Q. 2-4F.

The Ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King. ¹ *across scent*

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
 Oh this is Counter¹ you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes [armed; Danes following].

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. [*Danes*] No, let's come in. 111

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

Al. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaimes me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Even heere betweene the chaste unsmirched brow 120

Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,

That thy Rebellion looks so Gyant-like?

Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:

There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason can but peepe to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,

Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.

Speake man.

110. *the King, sirs?*: this king? *Sirs*-2-5Q.

114-16. 2 ll. ending King, *Laertes*-2-5Q. 117-18. 1 l.-2-5Q.

117. *that calmes*: that's calm-2-5Q.

Laer. Where's my Father? 130

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Juggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest divell.

Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.

I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes: onely Ile be reveng'd

Most thoroughly for my Father. 140

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie

Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,

That Sloop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,

Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies. 150

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,

145-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

147. *if*: *is't* (i'st-2-5Q.)-6Q.

148. *Sloop-stake*: *swoop-stake* (*swoop-stake-like*)-1Q.

153. *Politician*: *pelican*-2-4F.2-5Q.

158. *sensible*: *sensibly*-2-3,5-6Q.

It shall as leuell to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye. 160

A noise within. [Danes] Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie up my Braines, teares seven times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heavens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life? 170
Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loves.

*Ophe. [Sings] They bore him bare fac'd on the
Beer, |*

*Hey non nony, nony, bey nony:
And on his grave raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Dove.*

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Revenge, it could not move thus. 179

*Ophe. [Sings] You must sing downe a-downe, and
you call | him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele be-
comes it? It is | the false Steward that stole his masters
daughter. |*

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

166. by: with-2-5Q.

167. turnes: turn-2-5Q.

176. raines: rain'd-2-5Q.

177. Fare .. Dove: not as part of song-CAPELL.

178-9. 2 ll. ending revenge, thus-2-5Q.

180-1. You .. a-downe-a: as part of song-JOHNSON.

180. downe: adowne-2-5Q. and: An-CAPELL.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray love remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted. 188

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;

[*Sings.*] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Favour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. [*Sings.*] *And will be not come againe,
And will be not come againe:*

*No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never wil come againe.* 201

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was bis Pole:

*He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on bis Soule.*

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart, 210

185. *Paconcies*: pansies (pansy-1Q.)-2-4F. 2-5Q.

191. *Herbe-Grace*: herb of grace-QQ. a: o'-THEOBALD.

200. 2 rhymed ll.-JOHNSON. 202. *Beard as*: beard was as-2-5Q.

203. *Pole*: poll-HANMER.

204. 2 rhymed ll.-JOHNSON.

205. *Gramercy*: God ha'mercy-COLLIER. 206-7. 1 l. CAPELL.

207. *God buy ye*: God be wi'ye-CAPELL.

208. *you Gods*: O God-2-5Q.

209. *common*: commune-2-5Q. 2-4F.

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
 And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me;
 If by direct or by Colaterall hand
 They finde us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
 Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
 To you in satisfaction. But if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

220

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
 No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
 No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
 That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.

I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

[Scene vi. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylor sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in, [Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee too.

9

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
 for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadors that was

221. *buriall: funeral-2-5Q.*

225. *call: call't-2-5Q.*

10. *and't: an't-6Q.4F.* 11. *Ambassadors: ambassador-2-5Q.*

bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

[*Hor.*] *Reads the Letter.*

Horatio, *When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these | Fellowes some meanes to the King: They have Letters | for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very | Warlike appointment gave us Chace. Finding our selves too | slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I | boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so | I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with mee, like | Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe | a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have | sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldst | flye death. I have words to speake in your eare, will make thee | dnmbe, yet are they much too light for the bore¹ of the Matter. | These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance | and Guildensterne, bold their course for England. Of them | I have much to tell thee, Farewell.* ¹ *caliber*
He that thou knowest thine, 30
 Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
 And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
 To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

[Scene vii. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
 And you must put me in your heart for Friend,

19. *Valour.* In: valour, and in-2-5Q. 24. *bast:* speed-2-5Q.
 25. *your:* thine-2-5Q. 26. *dnmbe:* dumb-2-4F.
 32. *give:* make-4-5Q.

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Eaer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisdome, all things else, 10
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two special Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his looks: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publike count I might not go, 20
Is the great love the generall gender¹ beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection, ^{1 people}
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe) 30
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke

7. *Eaer.*: *Laer.*-2-4F.

13. *unsinnowed*: *unsinew'd*-3-4F.

14. *And*: *But*-2-5Q.

27. *arm'd*: *aim'd*-2-4F. 2-5Q.

30. *Who was*: *Whose worth*-2-5Q.

33-4. 1 l.-2-5Q.

That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
 That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
 And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
 I lov'd your Father, and we love our Selfe,
 And that I hope will teach you to imagine ———

Enter a Messenger.

40

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Majesty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not: They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
 [Of him that brought them.]

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:

Leave us.

Exit Messenger

[*Reads*] *Higb and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your | Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly | Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re- | count tb' Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.*

52

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
 Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand? ¹ *handwriting*

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character,¹ naked and in a Post-script here he sayes alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
 It warms the very sicknesse in my heart, 60

41-3. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*, Queen—THEOBALD.

46-7. bracketed l.—2-5Q.

52. *Occasions*: occasion—2-5Q.

55. *abuse*? Or: abuse, and—2-5Q.

57-8. 3 ll. ending 'Naked,' 'alone,' me—2-5Q. marked as quotation—JENNENS.

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking¹ at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Device, ¹*rebell*
Under the which he shall not choose but fall; 70
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident:

[*Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You have beene talkt of since your travaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siedge.² 2 *rank*

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud* in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse livery that it weares
Then setled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and gravenes;] Some two Monthes
hence |
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,

62-4. 3 ll. ending *Laertes*, otherwise, me .. lord-2-5Q.

65. *If so: Ay*, my lord so-2-5Q. 73. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

73. *some .. hence: Two months since*-2-5Q.

* *ribaud: riband*-3-5Q.

I've seene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
 And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
 And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
 As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
 With the brave Beast, so farre he past my thought, 80
 That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life *Lamound*.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
 And Jemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
 And gave you such a Masterly report, 90
 For Art and exercise in your defence;
 And for your Rapier most especially, ¹*fencers*
 That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you [the Scrimures^a of their nation,
 He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you opposd them.] Sir. This report of his |
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
 That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
 Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
 Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you? 100
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

76. *ran*: *can*-2-5Q.

80. *past*: *topp'd* (*topt*)-2-5Q.

88. *our*: *the*-2-5Q.

94. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

99. *Why*: *What*-2-5Q.

77. *into*: *unto*-2-5Q.

85. *Lamound*: *Lamond*-*POPE*.

92. *especially*: *especial*-2-5Q.

^a *Scrimures*: *scrimers*-4-5Q.

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
[There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of weeke^a or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would change,^b
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spendthrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'ulcer,]
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words? 110

Laer. To cut his throat i'th'Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving, 120
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited,¹ and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father. ¹unblunted

107-8. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a weeke: wick-2Rowe.

^b change: changes-5Q.

Laer. I will doo't,
 And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
 I bought an Unction of a Mountebanke
 So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
 Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
 Collected from all Simples that have Vertue 130
 Under the Moone, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

Kin Let's further thinke of this,
 Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
 May fit us to our shape, if this should faile;
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project
 Should have a backe or second, that might hold, 140
 If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
 Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
 I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
 As make your bowts more violent to the end,
 And that he cals for drinke; Ile have prepar'd him
 A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,¹ ¹ *thrust*
 Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
 So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where? 152

128. *I but dipt*: that but dip-2-5Q. 141. *should*: did-2-5Q.

142. *commings*: cunnings-2-5Q.

143. *I ha't*: separate l.-JOHNSON. 144. *the end*: that end-2-5Q.

148. *bowt sweet*: how now sweet-2-4F.2-5Q.

151. *they'l*: they-2-5Q.

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
 That shewes his hore leaves in the glassie streame:
 There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
 That liberall¹ Shepheards give a grosser name;
 But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
 There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
 Clambring to hang; an envious sliver broke, 160
 When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
 And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable² of her owne distresse, ¹*licentious*
 Or like a creature Native, and indued ²*unconscious*
 Unto that Element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
 Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
 To muddy death. 170

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Opbelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
 It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
 Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
 The woman will be out: Aduce my Lord,
 I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
 But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:* 180
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
 Now feare I this will give it start againe;
 Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

161. *the:* her-2-5Q.

169. *buy:* lay-2-5Q.

179. *doubts:* douts-KNIGHT.

168. *with ber:* with their-2-4F.2-5Q.

171. *is sbe:* she is-2-3Q.

[Act V. Scene i. *A churchyard.*]

Enter two Clownes [with spades, &c.].

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight,¹ the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

¹ *straightway*

Clo. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so. 9

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Delver.

Clown. Give me leave; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himsele; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life. 21

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christi-

12-13. *an Act:* to act-2-5Q.

18. *himsele:* himself-2-4F.

an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditcher and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adams* Profession. 32

Othel. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes.

Othel. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe — 40

Othel. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Othel. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come. 50

Othel. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoake.

Othel. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Othel. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, say a Grave-maker: the

34. *He:* A'-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[V. i. 66-94]

Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee
to *Yaugban*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor. 62

[*Exit Sec. Clown.*]

[*He digs and*] *Sings.*

In youth when I did love, did love,

me thought it was very sweete:

To contract O the time for a my bebove,

O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of eas-
sinesse. 71

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps

bath caught me in his clutch:

And bath shipped me intill the Land,

as if I had never beene such. 78

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the knave jowles it to th' grownd, as if it
were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murther: It
might be the Pate of a Polititian which this *Asse* o're Of-
fices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

61. *lasts: last*-4-5Q.4F.

76. *caught: claw'd*-2-5Q.

83. *could: would*-2-5Q.

Hor. I, my Lord.

89

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets¹ with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

¹ *ninepins*

Clowne sings.

*A Pickbaxe and a Spade, a Spade
for and a sbrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

100

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce² with a dirty Shovell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

115

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

² *bead*

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

92. *if: an*—CAPELL.

102. *of of: of*—2-4F.

Quiddits: quiddities—2-5Q.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?
121

Clo. Mine Sir:

[Sings] *O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lvest.
130

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.
139

Ham. How absolute the knave is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivocation will undoe us: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe.¹ How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?
¹ *chilblain*

119. *that*: which-2-5Q.

121. *Sir*: sirrah-2-5Q.

142. *these*: this-2-5Q.

144. *heel*: heel-2-4F. 2-5Q. *of our*: of the-2-5Q.

147. *o'recame*: overcame-2-5Q.

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England. 151

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recover his
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be scene in him, there the men are as
mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely? 160

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I have bin sixeteene
heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have
many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold
the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine
yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another? 170

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that
he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,
is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull
now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

151. *was*: is-2-5Q.

156. *him, there*: him there; there-2-3Q.

163. *sixeteene*: sexton (sexten)-2-3Q.

176-7. 1 1.-2-5Q.

Clo. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings' jester.

Ham. This?

182

Clo: E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-* | *ratio*, a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he | hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how | abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere | hung those lipps, that I have kist I know not how oft. | Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your | Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to | set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own | Jeering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies | Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this | favour¹ she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry- | thee *Horatio* tell me one thing. |

195

Hor. What's that my Lord?

¹face

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th'earth?

Hor. E'ene so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

200

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'ene so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

179. pestlence: pestilence-2-4F.

181. this same Scull sir: out-2-5Q.

186-7. And how abhorred my Imagination is; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is-2-5Q. 191. No: Not-2-5Q.

192. Jeering: grinning-2-5Q.

200. Puh: pah-2-5Q.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.

Alexander died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? 221

Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But sost, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand, 221
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*]

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have bin as farre enlarg'd.
As we have warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd, 230
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,

205. consider: to curiously: consider too curiously-2-4F.

212. Imperiall: Imperious-QQ.

216. sost: soft-2-4F.

219. that: this-2-5Q.

222. 'twas some: 'twas of some-2-5Q.

225. new l. at A very-CAPELL.

228. warrantis: warranty-4-5Q. 231. praier: prayers-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[V. i. 254-278]

Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her:
 Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
 Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
 To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted Soules.

240

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
 And from her faire and unpolluted flesh,
 May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
 A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
 When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Opbelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife:
 I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)
 And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

250

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
 Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
 Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
 Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust, upon the quicke, and dead,
 Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made,
 To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
 Of blew *Olympus*.

260

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he, whose griefes
 Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow

233. *Rites: crants*—2-5Q.

239. *sage: a*—2-5Q.

250. *t'have: have*—2-5Q

Conjure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devill take thy soule.
[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou prai'st not well
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenative, and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous, 270
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why I will fight with him uppon this Theme,
Untill my eiels will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Love)
Make up my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*, 281

Qu. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke up *Esile*,¹ eat a Crocodile? ¹ *vinegar*
Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Grave?

263. *Conjure*: *Conjures*-2-4F. 2-5Q. 269. *Sir*: *For*-2-5Q.

271. *Away*: hold off-2-5Q.

274. *Gen.* Good .. quiet: All. Gentlemen,

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.-2-5Q.

279. *there*: *their*-2-4F.

283. *Come show*: 'Swounds show-2-5Q.

284. *figbt*? *Woo't* teare: fight? *Woo't* fast? *Woo't* tear (Wilt fast-1Q.)-2-5Q. 285. *Esile*: *eisel*-THEOBALD.

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
 Millions of Akers on us; till our ground 290
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
 Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
 Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. [*Queen*] This is meere Madnesse:
 And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
 Anon as patient as the female Dove,
 When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
 What is the reason that you use me thus? 300
 I lovd' you ever; but it is no matter:
 Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
 The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
 [Exit *Horatio.*]
 [*To Laer.*] Strengthen you patience in our last nights
 speech, |

Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
 Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Sonne,
 This Grave shall have a living Monument:
 An houre of quiet shortly shall we see; 309
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *All in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
 You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

292. *and:* an-Pope.

297. *Cuplet:* couplets-2-5Q.

305. *you:* your-3-4F.

2. *let me:* shall you-2-5Q.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines¹ in the Bilboes,² rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, 11
Rough-hew them how we will. ^{1 mutineers}

Hor. That is most certaine. ^{2 stocks}

Ham. Up from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*, 20
Oh royall knavery: An exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges³ and Goblins in my life;
That on the supervize no leasure bated, ^{3 bugaboos}
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head shoud be struck off.

Hor. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed? 30

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,

8. *praise*: *praised*-2-5Q.

24. *boo*: *ho* (*hoe*)-2-5Q.

32. *Villaines*: *villanies*-THEOBALD.

A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
 How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
 It did me Yeomans service: wilt thou know
 The effects of what I wrote? 40

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuraton from the King,
 As England was his faithfull Tributary,
 As love betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
 As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
 And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
 And many such like Assis of great charge,
 That on the view and know of these Contents,
 Without debatement further, more or lesse,
 He should the bearers put to sodaine death, 50
 Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate;
 I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
 Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
 Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
 Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac't it safely,
 The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day
 Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
 Thou know'st already. 60

Hor. So *Guildesterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment
 They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
 Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points

40. effects: effect-2-5Q. 44. as: like-2-5Q. should: might-2-5Q.

47. Assis: 'As'es-JOHNSON.

48. know: knowing-2-5Q.

53. ordinate: ordinant-2-5Q.

59. sement: sequent-2-5Q.

63. debate: defeat-2-5Q.

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes, 71
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit¹ him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come ¹*requite*
In further evill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more 80
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grieve did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
marke. |

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterslie?

Hor. No my good Lord. 91

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh;² but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt. ²*jackdaw*

79-81. 3 ll. ending mine, one, *Horatio*-HANMER.

84. count: court-Rowe.

95. saw: say-2-4F.2-5Q.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right use, 'tis for the head. 100

Osr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeve mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is very soultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me sig-
nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
Sir, this is the matter. 110

Ham. I beseech you remember.

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:
[sir here is newly | com to Court *Laertes*, believe me an
absolute gentlemen,^a ful of most excellent | differences,
of very soft society, and great showing: in- | deede
to speake sellingly^b of him, hee is the card or kalender
of gen- | try: for you shall find in him the continent of
what part a Gentleman would see. |

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in
you, though I | know to devise him inventorially,
would dosie^c th'arithmaticke of | memory, and yet but
yaw neither in respect of his quick saile, but | in the
veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great
article, | & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse,

97. *friendship*: lordship-2-5Q. 99. *it with*: it, sir, with-2-5Q.

105. *Mee thinks*: But yet methinks-2-5Q.

112. *in good faith*: good my lord-QQ.

112-13. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *gentlemen*: gentleman-3-5Q.

^b *sellingly*: feelingly-4-5Q.

^c *dosie*: dizzy-4-5Q.

as to make true dixon | of him, his semblable is his
 mirrour, & who els would trace him, his | umbrage, no-
 thing more. |

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him. |

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the
 gentleman in | our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to understand in another tongue,
 you will | too't^a sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words
 are spent. |

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did,
 it would not | much approove me, well sir.] |

[*Osr.*] Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is at | his weapon. 114

[*Ham.* I dare not confesse that, least I should compare
 with | him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were
 to knowe himselfe. |]

Cour. I meane sir for this^b weapon, but in the im-
 putation laide on | him, by them in his meed, hee's
 unfellowed.]

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Hor-
 ses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French
 Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle,

^a too't: do't-3-5Q.

^b this: his-6Q.

113-14. at his weapon: out-2-5Q. 114-15. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

118. The sir King ha's wag'd: The King, sir, hath wagered-
 2-5Q.

Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit. 123

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

[*Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had | done.]

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall. 139

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Majestic, 'tis the breathing¹ time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you ee'n so? ¹*exercising*

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

121. or so: and so-2-5Q. 130. French but: French bet-2-5Q.

133. you: yourself-2-5Q.

134. one twelve for mine, and that: laid on twelve for nine; and it-2-5Q.

143. if: an-CAPELL.

144. Ile: I will-2-5Q.

Ham. Yours, yours; [*Exit Osric.*] hee does well to commend it | himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue. | 150

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beavy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

[*Enter a Lord.*

[*Lord.* My Lord, his Majestie commended him to you by young | Osricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, | he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that | you will take longer time? |

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings plea- | sure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, pro- | vided I be so able as now. |

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. |

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to use some gentle entertainment | *Laertes*,* before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord. 160

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,

150. tongue: turn-2-5Q.

154. bad be .. mine .. Beavy: has he .. many .. breed-2-5Q.

* *Laertes*: to *Laertes*-3-5Q.

159. tryalls: trial-2-5Q.

159-60. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

I have beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord. ^{1 misgiving}

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving¹ as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit. 169

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no | man ha' sought of what he leaves. What is't to leave be- | times? [let be.]

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this nand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' band into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman. 181

This presence knowes,

And you must needs have heard how I am punisht With sore distraction? What I have done

That might your nature honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,

163. bow all: how ill all's-2-5Q.

168. obey. I: obey it: 1-2-5Q.

174. leaves. What: leaves, what-Rowz.

175. bracketed words-2-5Q.

Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it: 190
 Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
 His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
 Sir, in this Audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
 Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
 And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
 Whose motive in this case should stirre me most 200
 To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
 I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
 Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
 I have a voyce, and president of peace
 To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
 And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
 Give us the Foyles: Come on. 210

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
 Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
 Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
 Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
 Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

198. *Mother*: brother-QQ. 205. *ungorg'd*: ungored-2-5Q.

217-19. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*, Lord-2-5Q.

220. *batb*: has-2-5Q.

King. I do not feare it, 221
 I have seene you both:
 But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy,
 Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
 These Foyles have all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table:
 If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit, 230
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
 The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
 And in the Cup an union¹ shal he throw ¹*pearl*
 Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
 In Denmarkes Crowne have worne.

Give me the Cups,
 And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
 The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
 The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
 Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin, 241
 And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir. *They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke. 250

221-2. 1 l.-2-5Q.

224-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

226-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

236-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

238. *Trumpets*: trumpet-2-5Q. 240. *Heaven*: heavens-4-5Q.

244. *on sir*: my lord-2-5Q. 250-1. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup,

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come: [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin,¹ rub thy browes, ¹*bandkerchief*
The Queene Carowse to thy fortune, *Hamlet.* 260

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. [*Aside*] It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't. 270

Laer. [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience. |

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then*] *In scuffling they*
change Rapiers. | [*and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

254. set by: set it by-QQ.

259. Heere's a Napkin: Here, Hamlet, take my napkin-QQ.

263-4. 1 l.-2-5Q. 266-7. 1 l.-2-5Q. 272-3. 1 l.-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[V. ii. 313-336]

King. Part them, they are incens'd. 280*Ham.* Nay come, againe. [*The Queen falls.*]*Osr.* Looke to the Queene there hoa.*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?*Osr.* How is't *Laertes*?*Laer.* Why as a WoodcockeTo mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,

I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?*King.* She sounds to see them bleede.*Qu.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke. 290Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,I am poyson'd. [*Dies.*]*Ham.* Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*.*Hamlet*, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practise 300

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,

Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.*Hurts the King.**All.* Treason, Treason.*King.* O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.*Ham.* Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,

285-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

289. sounds: swounds-3-4F.

290-2. 2 ll: ending *Hamlet*, poison'd-2-5Q.293. *How?*: *Hol*-2THEOBALD.

295-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

309-10. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Damned Dane, 310
 Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Union heere?
 Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
 It is a poyson temp' red¹ by himselfe: ¹ *mixed*
 Exchange forgivenessse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
 Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee;
 Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance, 320
 That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
 Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
 Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
 But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
 Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never beleeeve it.
 * I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
 Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup. 330
 Let go, by Heaven Ile have't.
 Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
 (Things standing thus unknowne) shall live behind me.
 If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
 To tell my Storie.

March asarre off, and about within.
 What warlike noyse is this?

329-331. 2 ll. ending man, have't-2-5Q.

Enter Osricke. 340

Osr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from
Poland |

To th' Ambassadors of England gives rhis warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th' election lights

On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o.

Dyes |

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart: 350

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with
Drumme, | Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on havocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell. 360

That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The cares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

342. *rbis*: this-2-4F. new l. at This-POPX.

349. O, o, o, o: out-2-5Q.

359. *His*: This-2-5Q.

350. *cracke*: cracks-2-4F.QQ.

361: *shoote*: shot-2-5Q.

That *Rosinrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you: 370
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so jumpe upon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause, 380
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Invite me,

Hor. Of that I shall have alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth 391
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines

387. *Rites*: rights-QQ. 388. *are ro*: now to-QQ. *ro*: to-2-4F.

390. *alwayes*: also-2-5Q.

391-2. 1 1.-2-5Q.

394. *wbiles*: while-2-5Q.

394-5. 1 1.-2-5Q.

OF HAMLET

[V. ii. 407-414

Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
 For he was likely, had he beene put on
 To have prov'd most royally: 400
 And for his passage,
 The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
 Speake lowdly for him.
 Take up the body; Such a sight as this
 Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
 Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
 Ordenance are shot off.*

400-1. 1 l.-2-3Q.

404. *body*: *bodies* (*bodie*-1Q.)-2-5Q.

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